FAMILY STORIES.

For My Younger Relatives.

by
Wm. Goodell Frost.

Written at Brighton, Eng., March, 1910.

First Group. The Blue Book.

The thought has occurred to me many times of late that because I happen to be the eldest child of my parents (and my father was also the eldest child) I naturally know more about my grand-parents and other relatives of earlier generations than anyone else in our branch of the family. I can remember sitting on my father's knee and hearing his stories of his father and his aunts and uncles, and the memories of those stories, now somewhat dim, seem interesting and precious to me. I often wish that I could ask him some questions about the people of the earlier time. There were many things which he knew perfectly well and would gladly have told me, but it is now too late. In my busy life I have scarcely thought of these stories of childhood for twenty or thirty years, but now with a little leisure here in England they come back to me afresh, and it seems a good opportunity for me to set down some of the things which I do know and remember, which may be of interest to the youngsters who are coming on. Even my younger brothers knew far less than I of these family matters, and there is quite an army of nephews and nieces who may be interested in these things by and by.

It is a beautiful arrangement of our Heavenly Father not to send children into the world alone.

Each one of us is born into a family, with father and mother, brothers and sisters to welcome and care for us. Souls come into the world in groups and clusters, bound together by those family ties. You might compare a household to a bunch of grapes, and each of these bunches is connected with other bunches before it through the long trailing vine which sometimes people call a Family Tree. A child has not only a father and mother, but grand-parents, aunts and uncles, and, even though he may not know it, there were great grand-parents farther back. We have a natural and intense love for our parents, and, where there is acquaintance, there is the same kind of sacred love for grand-parents, and if we could have known them no doubt we should have loved our great grand-parents equally well. Everything we can find out ~~from~~ about them is interesting and precious.

There has just been printed a Blue Book, giving some history of our Frost family in America. This history is precious because it helps us to keep track of a good many people whom we love, and beyond that it helps us trace out the history of our more distant relatives. The history of a family like ours, if it were all told, would show a great deal about the history of the nation and about God's Providence in the world.

The book begins with Edmund Frost, who left his English home, crossed the ocean in a sailing vessel not much larger than a canal boat, and settled in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in October, 1635. That is the reason why you and I were not born in England! We should have to study a good deal of history before we could realise what kind of a man Edmund Frost was. Open your English History and see what was happening there in the first part of the 17th century. He was born in the last years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. His boyhood and youth were passed under James the First, and he left England to escape the tyranny of Charles the First. If your history contains pictures you will see how differently people dressed in those days. Of course you know that there were no rail-roads or post offices, no factories or newspapers. Perhaps you do

not know that men still wore armour, and ate without forks!

The great Protestant Reformation was then a new thing. Luther had been dead only fifty years when Edmund Frost was born.

You have read the story of the Pilgrim Fathers. England had become a Protestant country - that is England had refused any longer to obey the Pope of Rome - and everywhere in England people were reading the Bible and many were trying to find out how God intended the Church to be managed, but the King of England claimed the right to interpret the Bible and decree just what people must believe. A great many good men were very anxious to have only one Church in England, a national Church, so that at every city and village people worshipped alike, using the best of all the prayers and ceremonies which the Roman Catholics and the early church before Roman Catholic times had used. Besides this there were many selfish men who were anxious to have one church so that it would be strong and could pay large salaries to the clergymen.

On the other hand there were many good men who from reading the Bible came to believe that the King had no right to compel them to worship contrary to their own consciences. They believed that it was wrong to use some of the prayers and ceremonies which some of the Roman Catholics had used, and which the Church of England still retained. The King forbade these people meeting or preaching, and if they did so he put them in prison or cut off their ears or even caused them to be beheaded. The result was that many of the best people fled across the sea to Holland, where they had what is called religious liberty, that is, the right of worshipping God in the way which they thought right. Among these was the great preacher, John Robinson, who was a graduate of Cambridge, and had gathered congregations of Dissenters at Gainsborough and Scrooby, but had escaped with his people to Holland, and established a church at Leyden. And from his church the Pilgrim Fathers came in the Mayflower to Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1620.

But the Pilgrim Fathers were only the first-comers in a great migration which brought to our New

England many of the most brave and conscientious people of the British nation. All over England, and especially in the eastern counties, Cambridge, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, where Bloody Mary had put to death so many martyrs for the Protestant faith, there were people who could not believe that it was right to worship in the way the King required. It was in this part of England that the Frost family were most numerous. As far back as 1135 there had been a Henry Frost who founded the hospital of St. John at Cambridge out of which grew St. John's College, which is now the second in strength and fame in Cambridge University. This Henry Frost had a son, Robert, who also made gifts to this hospital of St. John, but after him the history of the family is lost.

But in the reign of Elizabeth and James the First there was a John Frost living at Hartest, in Suffolk, a few miles south of Bury St. Edmunds. One of the preachers called Dissenters (that is, those who dissented from the practices of the Church of England as laid down by King James) was named Thomas Shepherd, and he was in the habit of preaching at Earles-Colne in Essex. To evade the law of the King he spoke not as a clergyman but as a lecturer under the protection of a noble-man named John Frost used to go over to Earles-Colne, sixteen miles, to hear Shepherd preach. After a time Shepherd began to fear that he would be arrested and imprisoned, as so many other Dissenting preachers had been, so he gathered together such of his friends and church-members as desired the privilege of worshipping according to the dictates of their own conscience, and sailed with a little company of Pilgrim Fathers fifteen years after the original Pilgrim Fathers had made their famous voyage. John Frost's son Edmund joined this company with his wife Thomasine and one child. The Party sailed in 1634 in the ship Great Hope from Harwich, but encountered a great storm and were wrecked at Yarmouth. This is Shepherd's account, which you will find on page 45 of the Blue Book. "They had gone but a few leagues when they encountered a storm which thrust them back to shallow waters near Harwich. During this storm a sailor was washed overboard, and miraculously saved after having been in the water about an hour. This was regarded as an act of Divine Providence

and symbolic of their ultimate success, one of their number saying: "This man's danger and deliverance is a type of ours; for we did fear dangers were near unto us, and that yet the Lord's power should be shown in saving us." The storm, however, did not abate, but continued with renewed vigours, so that during the next thirty hours they were driven considerably out of their course and obliged to cast anchor in Yarmouth Roads, "an open place at sea, yet fit for anchorage, otherwise a very dangerous place. Which when we had done, upon a Saturday morning, the Lord sent a most dreadful and terrible storm of wind from the west, so dreadful that to this day the seamen call it "Windy Saturday." Many ships with all on board were lost. As the storm increased in fury, the anchorage gave way, and the ship seemed doomed to certain destruction. Pieces of ordnance were fired, and thousands came upon the walls of Yarmouth, but were helpless to give assistance. "And the seamen presently cut down the mast aboard, just at that very time, wherein we all gave ourselves up for gone, to see neither Old, nor New England, nor faces of friends any more, there being near upon 200 passengers in the ship. And so when the mast was cut down, the master had one little anchor left, and cast it out. But the ship was drifing away towards the sands still; and the seamen came to us and bid us look, pointing to the places where our graves should shortly be, conceiving that the wind had broke off this anchor also. So the master professed he had done what he could, and therefore now desired us to go to prayer. So Mr. Norton in one place, and myself in another part of the ship, he with the passengers and myself with the mariners above decks, went to prayer, and committed our souls and bodies unto the Lord that gave them. Immediately after prayer the wind began to abate, and the shipp stayed. For the last anchor was not broke, as we conceived, but only rent up with the wind, and so drave and was drawn along, ploughing the sands with the violence of the wind; it abated after prayer, though still terrible, the ship was stopped just when it was ready to be swallowed up of the sands, a very little way off from it × × × This deliverance was

so great that I then did think, if ever the Lord did bring me to shore again, I should live like one come and risen from the dead. This is one of those loving mercies the Lord has shown me × × × and my dear friends then with me, viz., Brothers Champney, Frost, Ooff, and divers others, most dear since; and also to all with me × × × I desire this mercy may be heard of my children, and their shildrens' children, when I am dead and cannot praise the Lord in the land of the living any more."

"And so we continued that night, many sick, many weak and discouraged, many sad hearts. Yet upon the Sabbath morning we departed and went out of the ship." (October 19, 1634.)

The next summer they started again on the 10th of August in the Ship Defence, Capt. Thomas Bostock. They had hard work to get away and escape the persecution of the King and Archbishop Laud, who was bent upon punishing all Dissenters. They had to go in secret, and change their names to prevent discovery. The voyage was a tedious one, and the ship rotten and unfit for such a voyage, but after many storms they landed in Boston on the second of October.

Shepherd and his company, you see, were a new set of Pilgrims, an organized church like that of the Pilgrim Fathers which came from Leyden, and in this Church Edmund Frost was an Elder or Deacon.

Cambridge is just across the Charles River from Boston, and is the seat of Harvard University, which was founded by the Puritans while they were still poor and struggling three years after Thomas Shepherd and Edmund Frost arrived, that is, in 1638. Edmund Frost owned the land on which the Harvard Divinity School now stands.

When you visit Cambridge you will of course visit what is called the Washington Elm. This is a very ancient elm tree under which General Washington stood when he received his commission as Commander of the armies of the Colonists at the beginning of the Revolutionary War. Just beside this famous Washington Elm you will see a beautiful stone church called the Shepherd Memorial Church, named in honor of Shepherd, who was the head of the company of pilgrims with whom Edmund Frost came.

Here, then, is a beginning for some study of history. It should make it more interesting for you to read the story of the Pilgrim Fathers and the early settlement of Boston and Cambridge, to know that our ancestor was there. In the history of Cambridge he is frequently mentioned. He was not a rich or prosperous man, but he seems to have been universally beloved - no man in the colony had so many personal friends.

I do not know much about the children and grandchildren of this first Edmund Frost. His second son was Thomas, and Thomas's third son was Samuel. This Samuel had a fourth son Amasa, who lived through the Revolutionary War, and had a son Nathan, who died in the Army. The Frosts were numerous about Boston, and when the battles of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker's hill took place at the beginning of the Revolution they all turned out to fight. In the records of Revolutionary soldiers of the State of Massachusetts the name of Frost appears a hundred and sixty nine times. Among the farmers who shot at the British soldiers from behind the stone walls between Concord and Boston there were probably more men of the name of Frost than of any other name, but most of them served only for a few weeks or months. Some of them were at Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga.

The Frost family, starting on the Atlantic coast at Cambridge, naturally moved westward, the young men of each generation going farther west, where they could get land. Thomas Frost, the son of Edmund, settled at Framingham a little west of Boston, where his son Samuel was a doctor. Amasa Frost, the son of Samuel, lived for a time in Killingly, Connecticut, and then settled at Williamsburg, in western Massachusetts.

This Amasa had a son of the same name, who married Rebecca Nash, and moved from Massachusetts to Riga, Munroe County, on the western part of New York State in 1806. He was my great grand-father, and died in Riga in 1829, when my father was five years old. Amasa had a brother, Nehemiah, who married Elizabeth Nash and also settled in Riga, but whose family moved west after a few years. He had another brother, John, who married Amy Tennant, and settled at Evan, Erie County, New

York, and was a soldier in the revolution. You will find his picture in the Blue Book. I remember visiting his grave when I was a boy. There was another brother, Joseph, who married Submit Allis and settled at Skeneetles, N.Y. Another brother, Josiah, was a soldier of the Revolution, married Electa Paine, and settled at Marcellus, N.Y. The sisters of this family were Mary, Who married Mr. Healy, and Rhoda, who married Mr. Faxon.

I will close this group of stories with a table showing part of the descendants of Edmund Frost, including my own direct ancestors. You will see that there must be many others beside those mentioned in this table, but the table will introduce you to our nearest kin, and show the places where they settled in the time of my great grandfather. You will notice that I belong to the eighth generation.

We must remember that when Edmund Frost came to America his brothers remained in England, and helped Cromwell strike down the tyranny of Charles the First. Of course there must be great numbers of Frosts in England ~~were~~ connected with our family in times earlier than Edmund Frost's migration. A very few of these have attained sufficient eminence to be traceable in English history. There was a great Noncomformist preacher named John Frost in the time of the Commonwealth, and others of our name suffered in the efforts of the "Chartists" to secure a more liberal English Constitution in the early part of the 19th century. Still more recently English cousins with a traceable connection have been mayors of Hull and Chester, the latter receiving knighthood from Queen Victoria.

If I should trace the history of my mother's family, the Goodells, it would be much the same. My wife 's family, the Marsh's seem to have come from Braintree, in Essex.County, less than thirty miles from Hartest, where Edmund Frost was born. The Marsh's also were of the Pilgrim Father type. I may have more information about our English Connections before I return to America next summer.

In thinking of this great and honorable family, each one of us should find an incentive for our own good conduct and ambition. Certainly every person who bears the name of Frost must either add something to the total of the family honor or else subtract from it. I hope that the generations now on the stage of action and those next advancing will be better than any of their forbears, honorable as those have been.

Second Group of Stories.

The Red Parsonage.

My distinct memory begins at a little village called Arcade, nestling among the hills of western New York. My father came there when I was about three years old, and my recollections before that time are dim and worthless.

My father was born on his father's farm at Riga in 1824, and graduated from Oberlin College in 1848. He studied theology for two years, but did not graduate, married my mother at her father's home in Honeoye, N.Y., in 1849, and had a first pastorate in the little village of Apulia. His next charge was at Leroy for one year where I was born July second 1854. He then spent two years in Jamesville, Wis., but of this I remember nothing important. The removal to Arcade must have been an excitement to my young mind, and I well remember our first days there.

While the Red Parsonage was being prepared for us we were entertained a few days at the house of Mr. Lyman a Deacon in the church. His house was beside the little stream which flowed through the village. I remember sitting in my high chair at the breakfast table, and after breakfast each member of the household was asked to repeat a verse of Scripture. I remember the difficulty with which I recited my verse, "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me." After breakfast I used to follow the "hired girl" as she shook the table cloth into the creek, and watched the little fishes come up for the crumbs. My father had a large carpet which needed renovating, and I remember he tied it to the bridge and allowed it to float in the water for several hours to be washed in this natural way.

Soon we moved to the Red Parsonage which was my home for five years. It was on a street which led off the main street, perhaps an eighth of a mile, and ended at

the cemetery, and there were only four houses on the street. On the right hand were three houses, the Red Parsonage being the middle one, and directly opposite was the house of Mr. Hodge, whose little boy, Leemy Hodge was my first play-mate. The house to the right of ours near the town was occupied by Mr. Botsford, who had a boy several years older than myself. The house beyond was occupied by Mr. Hooker, who had one daughter just grown up. Mr. Hooker owned a farm in the west and spent part of his time there, where he once suffered a great accident, his horses running away with the mowing machine.

The Red Parsonage I remember very definitely. It had no hall-way, the front door led directly into the little parlour, perhaps fourteen feet square, and beside this was the still smaller parlour bedroom, where our "company" lodged. From the parlour a little passage way led to the sitting-room, which was long and narrow, reaching clear through from one side of the house to the other, and back of this were the kitchen, pantry and wood-shed. My mother's bedroom was also on the lower floor, leading out from the sitting room. Upstairs was father's study, an unfurnished room, and the girl's bedroom. Back of the house was a barn and pig-pen.

I slept most of the time on the lounge in the sitting room. My father fixed a board which was placed each night on the edge of the lounge to transform it into a bed and keep me from falling out. I remember going to sleep there many a time, father and mother each coming to bid me good-night and give me a good-night kiss. Once I remember wakening on Christmas Eve after mother had gone to bed, and seeing my father arrange some Christmas presents for her where she would discover them in the morning. My mother read to me a great deal and when she did not read to me I was a good deal at a loss for amusement. The pig-pen, which had no occupants, I transformed into a play house, and a carpenter's bench which had been left on the premises I turned bottom side up and "played" that it was a boat. I remember stringing boards from one foot of this bench to the other and laying on cross pieces so as to construct a deck. Some neighbour children came to see me and I led them gleefully into the yard to show them my "steamboat". Gaily I mounted the deck, and now I shouted "See how I go down!" Just as I made this exclamation the deck collapsed and I came down with a crash!

Father kept a horse, because he had many country parishioners to visit. He was a good horseman, and it was his habit to buy a promising two-year-old colt and "break" it and train it. After two or three years he could sell it at a profit and then buy another. The cow was pastured a quarter of a mile away and I used to enjoy going with him in the morning when he went to milk, and remember my special ecstasy when he took me to see a little new calf. It was always a pleasure to ride with him when he was making pastoral calls in the country. He was an ingenious man, and as his salary was very small, did everything he could to save money. The little lounge I slept on at night he had made with his own hands, and he made a sleigh or cutter for use in the winter when the snow was deep. In the spring the people made maple sugar; wherever we went they would bring me lumps of this sugar, which was brown in colour and had a peculiar taste which the children of this generation, brought up on granulated sugar, will never know. I still remember the names of many of these country families. My father had a young ladies' Bible class which used to meet at his house some evening during each week. They made my mother a present of a hand made bed cover, consisting of squares, each girl making one of these squares, on which there was embroidered a basket with her name, and this bed cover, somewhat faded, is still one of my treasures.

Between our house and the cemetery was a small brook running through a pasture belonging to Mr. Hooker. It flowed through banks of clay and was inhabited by small fish with red stripes along their sides. I have never seen these red sided fishes anywhere except in the small streams of western New York. I used to love to wade in this little brook, and built forts and houses out of the clay of its banks. Once I undressed and went in swimming, though it was not deep enough for swimming, and then played with the clay without danger of soiling my clothing. That night I was in great distress from the burning of my back which had been thoroughly parched in the sun, and required a great deal of oiling and patting before I could sleep.

And here I began attending church and Sunday school. I remember how my father looked as a young man in the pulpit, and how the principal members of the congregation looked in their respective seats. The most distinguished man in the church was Col. Shepherd, who taught

the men's Bible class at the left of the pulpit, and he held a county office which took him away frequently to Warsaw, which was the county seat. He owned a place which was the finest I had ever seen, and had a son and daughter just grown up. The son, Charlie, afterwards served as a soldier in the Civil War; the daughter Mary was married to Mr. James Parke, and I had the honor of attending that wedding which seemed to me the most splendid ceremony I had ever seen. The guests formed a circle round the parlour, the bride was presented with a bouquet which when they left was placed in a tin receptacle which would preserve it perfectly through all the vicissitudes of travel. Mrs. Parke afterwards resided in Buffalo and for a time in England, and is one of the few surviving friends of my childhood with whom I keep in touch.

Other families were the Lymans and the Parkers and the Lyons , and, grandest of all, there was the Sunday School Superintendent, Alonzo Steele. I saw him years afterwards in his western home, Grinell, Iowa, and even then considered him one of the most distinguished looking men I had ever met. The Sunday School seemed a great institution to me. I remember winning a prize for repeating the whole of the Sermon on the Mount. We used to have Sunday School concerts from time to time, where there would be not only ~~xxx~~ singing but the recitation of hymns and passages of Scripture and expositions of the lessons which had been studied through previous weeks.

Another institution of the times was the Donation Party. My father's salary was five hundred dollars and a donation. There would be a supper at the church. Everybody would go for the sake of seeing everybody else, and they would bring presents for the minister, hams, chickens, and vegetables, great cakes of maple sugar, cordwood and woollen socks, and other presents expressing goodwill and possessing some value. It was generally counted that a donation would be equivalent to fifty dollars in money.

A great feature in my education of these days was the company we entertained. Occasionally father would exchange pulpits with a neighbouring minister and I always enjoyed the conversation of a stranger. I should say that I was very backward in study. They did

not send me to school nor trouble themselves to instruct me, though often reading to me good books. I early acquired a taste for good reading, but did not learn to read at all till I was nearly ten years old. One of those ministers who spent a Sunday at our house asked me whether I had begun Latin, and I was obliged to tell him that I had not yet learned how to read English.

Besides these ministers there were Anti-Slavery lecturers, for the great agitation against slavery was then at its height. I can remember George W. Bungay, a poet, and a philosopher, he must havebeen. He wore long hair curled like a woman and sang sweet and pathetic songs, and when he denounced the sin of slavery he spoke like a prophet. The Hutchinson family travelled through the country in the interests of the Anti-Slavery agitation. Two brothers and two sisters, gifted singers, had a packed audience spellbound in our little church, and undoubtedly made some converts to the cause of abolition. I really think that I have never heard such good singing since. And here began my acquaintance with two of my father's Oberlin classmates, Miss Holley and Miss Putnam. They were maiden ladies of great cultivation and talent, and devoted themselves to work in this Anti-Slavery campaign. Miss Holley was the speaker (her father, Myron Holley had superintended the construction of the Erie Canal, and was called the chief founder of the liberty party;) while Miss Putnam, who was said to be the one lady love of the poet Thoreau, was the writer. The two were inseparable, like man and wife. They visited us many times, and later on I shall relate how they introduced me to the glories of English literature.

And not only did we have Anti-Slavery lecturers at our home, but had the thrilling excitement of fugitive slaves! The first colored person I ever saw was a woman who came to our gate with her little child in a box. They were unpacked and allowed to rest for a few days and then boxed up again and sent forward to Canada where they would be free. I heard afterwards that an arrangement was made that in case the slave hunters village should come to our ~~gate~~ to carry them off the church bell was to be rung and the neighbours rush in for a rescue. That little child lived to be a man, and from his early adventures was called Box Brown. Besides these negro woman I think there were at least two men who stayed at our house for a week or so, hiding in the daytime and receiving food and assistance for their further journey

along what was called the underground railroad. One of these poor creatures quite horrified my mother when she discovered that he was little better than a heathen as of course was to be expected.

I am inclined to think that this Anti-Slavery struggle more than any other one influence was the making of my soul. I was early impressed by the religious life of my parents. I remember crying myself to sleep thinking about my father's sermon from the text: "The Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep," But this Anti-Slavery struggle gave a militant air to all my thoughts of religion. I understood that my father was opposed and persecuted because he was an Abolitionist and that both my grandfathers had suffered in the same cause. My grandfather Goodell was at that very time editing an Anti-Slavery paper in New York, and my mother was occasionally writing stories or poems for this paper. All this gave me a feeling of belonging to a besieged army. Before I was ten years old I was more than once insulted on the street by boys who wished to plague me with the name of "negro" and "Abolitionist." One of the first Bible texts that was precious to me was the passage "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely for My name's sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

All this agitation culminated at the time of John Browne's raid. We had heard of John Browne before when he was in Kansas. I suppose you all know the story of "Bleeding Kansas" - the state which was fought over by the Border Ruffians, who proposed to make it a slave state whether its people wishes it or not. Great efforts were made at the North to send free settlers into Kansas, and I remember paying a visit with my father at the house of a Mr. Fox, who was about to move to Kansas with four sons to help make it a free state. John Browne distinguished himself as an Abolitionist who could stand up against the Border Ruffians and answer them with their own bowie knives and revolvers. When John Browne's raid at Harper's Ferry was commenced I felt the intense excitement of the whole community. Of course our church was almost unanimously in sympathy with Anti-Slavery but in the village there were many strong and hostile spirits. Our little church was crowded when my father announced that he should preach a funeral sermon in honor of John

Browne. I remember the crowd and the excitement and how my father looked in the pulpit, but I cannot report the sermon. I quickly memorized and still remember Whittier's poem on the execution of John Browne.

John Browne of Ossawattomie spake on his dying day:
"I will not have to shrive my soul a priest in slav'ry's pa
But let some poor slave mother whom I have striven to fre
With her little helpless children put up a prayer for me."

John Browne of Ossawattomie they led him out to die,
And lo! a poor slave mother with her little child pressed
nig
Then the stern blue eye grew tender, and the warrior's fac
grew mil
He stooped between the cheering ranks and kissed the negr
child.

The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart;
And those who blamed the lawless deed forgave the loving
hear

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In 1860, when I was visiting with my father in Riga, he took me one night to the neighbouring city of Rochester to witness a torchlight parade. Abraham Lincoln was running for the first time for President of the United States, and New York State where William H. Seward was the controlling mind was giving him great support. I think the device of a torchlight procession was new in that campaign. Kerosene oil had just been introduced, and made such a thing possible. They called the torch-bearers "wide-awakes" and they marched with a uniform of rubber capes on their shoulders. At the head of the procession were men carrying axes and wedges and beetles in memory of Lincoln's work as a rail splitter.

And so we were ushered into the great war which I shall tell about later. I do not know much about the negotiations which preceded the outbreak, but there came a terrible day when Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers to support the Government and enforce the laws. Several men from Arcade went, and I remember the first of them who came home on a furlough wearing

a blue uniform. Charlie Shepherd, Col. Shepherd's son, ran away and enlisted as a private. His father went after him and secured his appointment as lieutenant and he afterwards rose to be a Colonel himself.

Visits to Riga were great events to me in those days. Riga was my father's boyhood home where Grandpa Frost lived, about fifty miles from Arcade. My father would start after dinner and with mother and myself in the carriage; and after driving all the afternoon spend the night at the house of some friend and the next day go on ~~in Riga~~ and get to Riga for dinner. It was a delightful farmhouse full of all the quiet excitements of country life. My grandfather and grandmother looked just as they do in the pictures in the Blue Book. Grandfather had been captain of the Militia, and a great squirrel hunter. His rifle was hung above the fireplace in the west room until an accident happened at a neighbour's house, when by the discharge of such a gun a man was killed. After that at Grandma's earnest request he kept his gun in a closet outside. I loved to go with my grandfather about the farm, especially to help him sort the sheep. They would crowd round him, sometimes even getting their feet into his boot legs. I knew him best at the fireside. He would bring in two bushel baskets full of corn cobs, and with these I built castles on the hearth. When the fire got low he would kick one of my castles into the coals, and I would have to build another one. For about an hour he would sit and pare apples while the other members of the family did the same visitingmeanwhile or perhaps listened to someone who read a book or a newspaper. Then he would fall asleep in his chair and Grandma would shake him and send us all off to bed. I remember one Thanksgiving day at Riga, when I think all the children were at home. We had a roast pig, and when Grandpa asked me what part of the pig I would like to eat I told him souse, because I knew that he was fond of souse. Souse, I may explain, is the foot and knuckle of the pig, containing for a skilful dissector a few strings of tender meat. When the souse came on to my plate I did not know what to do with it, and my aunt Minerva kindly gave me some meat from her plate.

And now I must try to give portraits of the people who sat at that table, all now in Heaven. Riga became a head-quarters for the Frost family when Amasa, my

great grandfather settled there in 1806. My father remembered sitting on the arm of his grandfather's chair. Amasa died when my father was only five years old. In my boyhood there was a great beech tree at the back of the wood lot on which Amasa Frost had carved his initials, and with a little pains they can still be made out. In my later years I had occasion to visit Hinsdale, Mass., the town from which Amasa Frost emigrated, and saw there an aged woman who had known him and spoke of him with enthusiastic approbation. The records of the Hinsdale church show that he was an active Christian man. The house at Riga which he built was in those earlier years like other frontier houses, a tavern, and in my earliest recollections it was the post office, my uncle Jerome being the post-master. Amasa's great chimney had recently been taken out when I first visited Riga. It was an enormous affair. My father remembered times when a Horse came into the big room dragging a big log which was to be rolled into the mammoth fireplace. And in connection with the fireplace was the big oven, the whole forming such a mass that actually when it was removed a small bedroom was constructed in the vacant space. I think this fireplace was typical of Amasa the Pioneer, gigantic and glowing. His body rests in the little cemetery which was cut out from one corner of the Frost farm.

Nelson Amasa, my grandfather, was head of the family that Thanksgiving Day. As I said, he looked just as the picture shows him in the Blue Book. Of course I know very little about him. He came to Perea (Ohio) as a boy and spent his life there. He was, as I said, captain of the Militia: in his time he was also Deacon in Riga Church, and paid fifty dollars a year for the support of the minister, which must have been in those times a very generous sum. Even so, he was turned out of the church for being an Abolitionist, and for twelve years drove six miles every Sunday to Burgin, where there was a church that permitted its members to pray for the downtrodden and the oppressed. When the war came on the church invited him back just before his death in 1860. Grandfather Nelson Frost believed in the family as an institution, and recognised a kind of rightof primogeniture, he proposed to give the bulk of his little property to his eldest son, my father, but as my father felt called to be a minister Grandpa gave

him his education instead, and left the farm to my uncle Jerome. I fancy Grandfather took real pride and satisfaction in my father's education. Not satisfied with giving him the necessary means for those years in school Grandfather said a minister ought to have some little property, and he went with my father on a tour through the west and bought for him a dozen acres of land in the suburbs of Jamesville, Wis, supposing that it would be a homestead for him, and possibly with the growth of the city might make his fortune. Father lived there two years when I was a baby, and again at a later period which I shall tell of. Very soon after that "wide-awake" procession which I witnessed in Rochester my father was suddenly called to go to Riga because of his father's illness. My mother always said that my father was never the same after Grandpa's death, which occurred on the 4th of December 1860.

Grandma Frost sat at the other end of the table. She was a gentle, sweet-spirited woman as I knew her. Her maiden name was Fuller. I have a hymnbook which belonged to her father, and I am anxious to know more about the Fuller family, which I am sure has important connections. Her sister was the wife of Mr. Henry Ide, a neighbour at Riga, who had an axe factory in the early days, and who once told me that he shot a deer on land which is now quite in the heart of the city of Buffalo. Representatives of this Ide family were still in Riga at my visit in the summer of 1906. My Grandmother lived eight years after her husband's death, sometimes living with her son Jerome, and sometimes keeping house by herself in a part of the old homestead. I remember visiting her and enjoying the fritters dipped in maple syrup and the preserved apples with which she regaled me. She visited us at Evans as I shall relate in another place, and was there at the time when my brother Nelson Amasa was born.

Of the children, my father was the oldest, and you will become acquainted with him before these stories are done. The eldest sister was Juliette, who married Albert Elmore, with whom she went through the pioneer days in Michigan. She had one daughter, and that with daughter boarded for a few weeks in Oberlin when I was a freshman there: thence she went to Dallas, Texas, with her daughter, where the daughter married, and both died. I only saw her once or twice in my boyhood and during those few weeks at Oberlin when she was a broken

down and rather distraught woman.

The next sister was Minerva, the handsome and the vivacious one. I remember my mother telling how when she first went to Riga as a bride Minerva was the life of the household, and with her spinet, a kind of cabinet organ which could be held in the lap, gave them a serenade under their bedroom window the first night father and mother slept at the old homestead. This spinet, (perhaps I have not the right name for it,) was a great institution with Aunt Minerva. When she went to Painesville, Ohio, to teach she took a steamer from Buffalo to Cleveland, and on the deck gathered a company of young people around her and sang and played all the evening. Years after I met several people who remembered those musical evenings on the Lake Erie steamboat. Minerva was twice married, but her first husband, Mr. Walker, I never saw, but he was said to have been a handsome man, and she lived two or three years with him in Michigan before his death. While a widow she taught at Painesville again. Afterwards married Mr. William Clayton, a splendid business man and noble Christian who it was my privilege to know very well in later years. She had no children and was an active woman in the Sunday School and other good enterprises in Painesville. She was probably, as my father always thought, too worldly, too anxious to dress in the fashion, and appear to advantage everywhere, but she was a good, cheerful woman, and I and my brother Lewis were indebted to her and her husband for many kindnesses.

The next member of that Thanksgiving group was my uncle Jerome. We shall get acquainted with him further on in these stories. He was small of stature, and always had the face of an old man, unnatural voice, but he was a great wag and, in his earlier years, a very energetic worker. When I first knew him, besides helping his father with the farm, he kept bees of his own, and had just bought a new carriage, in which he could take his lady friends to ride. My first knowledge of a courtship was the intimacy between him and the minister's daughter Emma Machin, who lived just across the way.

The next sister of that household was Elmira Sophia, Aunt Mira, as we always called her. She was Grandmother's stand-by, and always made my visits at Riga very pleasant. I hardly knew her character. Later she went to Michigan where her sister Juliette Elmore was living, and followed Juliette to Texas, where she married a Mr. Warren Paine.

I saw her after his death when she was a widow at the house of Minerva in Painesville, I should say about 1874. She had suffered from inflammatory rheumatism, so that one hand was somewhat deformed. And she had become so deeply interested in spiritualism that it really separated her from her brothers and sisters. She afterwards made her home in Rochester and Lilliedale, and I have occasionally heard of her since, but have never known of her death: for some years I have been trying very hard to find out what became of her, my last aunt.

I must not leave this Red Parsonage part of my narrative without referring to another great reform which was marching through the land, though somewhat obscured by the Anti-Slavery agitation. This was the Temperance Reformation. Father has told me how when a boy he used to carry a pitcher or bucket of liquor to the field for the harvest men who were at work for his father. There was a good deal of drunkenness in those times, and everybody kept liquor on the side-board and offered it to guests. Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry Ward Beecher, was one of the men who started the great Temperance Reform in America, and Dr. George B. Cheever, an intimate friend of my grandfather, was another. The agitation took the form of pledge signing under the lead of a body of reformed drunkards who called themselves Washingtonians. When they held a meeting in Riga my grandfather signed the pledge, and forever banished liquor from his household. I think he had never taken up the use of tobacco. Of course neither my father nor I ever used these things, so that my children have a clean start in life with three generations of total abstainers behind them. They did things thoroughly in Western New York in those days, and that was part of the country where just then there were probably more resolute reform spirits than anyone else. A few Sabbaths after the Washingtonian movement had struck Riga they held a Communion service in the church, and one of the reformed men, tasting wine, found the old appetite started again, and backslid. The next Sunday the church held a meeting and resolved thereafter to use unfermented wine at the Communion table. Of course as a child I heard all these things talked over and had it it thoroughly settled in my mind that anyone who intended to serve God must serve Him completely "laying aside every weight," obeying him in every small thing as well as greater and removing every possibility of temptation. I think I was not ten years old when I understood that it

was really meaner to do wrong in a small manner where the temptation was slight, than in a larger manner where the temptation might be greater. My father and my two grandfathers were both chiefly engaged in making the world better - carrying on the great warfare between right and wrong, and this seemed to be the only thing anybody who was a Christian could possibly do. Thus I became a Christian Radical even as a child, and I have been grateful for it a thousand times.

Undoubtedly I was a lonely child, and this fact has perhaps made me social all through life, but it also made me independent of society, so that I can be happy without society more than most people. Of course I was a great deal with my father and mother. Mother read to me and father took me with him when he drove about the country, calling on his parishioners. But while I was the oldest child I was not the only one. The first birth in our household after my own was that of a little brother who was never named. After one month in the cold winter this little brother died, and for several days his body lay in a trunk in the upper chamber of our house. Many people called to look at it, and ~~I cried~~ I can remember how it looked even to-day, with two little fists closely doubled up and the thumbs enclosed with the fingers. Father took the body to Riga for interment, where it is marked by a small piece of marble inscribed "Infant Son."

Next came my brother Lewis Clayton, named after my father and Mr. Clayton the husband of my aunt Minerva. He was born in August 1859, being five years younger than myself. I was at Riga at the time of his birth and do not remember the circumstances.

I was at Riga again at the time of the birth of our only sister, Harriet Maria.

I remember visits which were received at the little Red Parsonage from Mr. Clayton, Minerva's husband, from Jerome, who came more than once bringing us supplies of apples from Riga, and of my mother's sister Lavinia, who came from New York and spent several weeks much to my delight.

One other visitor marks the stirring progressive nature of the times - a Mrs. Gleason and her daughter. She came to lecture on "Health and was the first woman ~~of position~~ whom I ever met. I remember that her daughter wore boots, which were of course unusual for women. I mean old fashioned boots with leggings which were drawn

Physician

on with boot straps. I have had the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Gleason and her daughter at Elmira, N.Y. again in recent years. I have never visited Arcade since we left there at the outbreak of the war, but I believe I could find my way to the church, the parsonage, the hill down which I used to slide with my little sled named Hero, and the cemetery at the end of our street, as well as to the house of Col, Shepherd, and to the two streams inhabited by the red-sided fishes.

Third Group of Stories.

The Great Rebellion.

It is polite nowadays to speak of the Great Rebellion as the "Civil War," but in its own time this struggle was called the "Great Rebellion."

When Lincoln was elected President several Southern states withdrew their representatives from Congress and formed an alliance independent of the United States, and when the President undertook to collect the revenues in these states to maintain the forts and protect the properties of the Government within their borders they recisted and were joined by other states. Hundreds who had sworn to obey and maintain the Government of the United States violated their oaths and went into this movement. I still think that it has no proper name except "rebellion." It was a kind of insanity such as the Lord often seems to send upon those whom he is preparing to punish. It was a saying of the ancient heathen: "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

I have a real respect for some of the people who were so blinded as to join the rebellion, but we must not wipe out the lessons of history to save their feelings. The rebels began their movement for no other cause than to continue the institution of slavery. They began by violating their oaths, they fired the first shot at Fort Sumpter and thus put themselves in the wrong on every possible count.

I of course felt this more intensely as a child than I do now. I had all my life been praying for the freedom of the slave, and now here was a war for the protection of slavery. I confidently expected that the rebellion would be put down and slavery abolished, and at ten years of age was able to give good reasons why this should be done.

Just at the beginning of the war we moved from Arcade to Rushford, Allegheney Co., some forty miles away, and distant perhaps sixty or seventy miles from Riga. Rushford was a small village with three churches, Congregational, Methodist, and Baptist, situated upon a little stream

in the midst of hills perhaps more rugged than those around Arcade. In the two years we were there we lived in three different houses, and I began going to school, finally learning how to read. I did not enjoy the school because the pupils plagued me: but I had several friends in the country that I enjoyed visiting.

It was here one Christmas that Uncle Jerome paid us a visit with his bride, the sweet and beautiful Emma Machin. I think she was the first woman I ever noticed as beautiful, with her red cheeks and brown hair and loving eyes. There was a large unused room in the house we then occupied in which we set up a Christmas tree, and the big folks joined in several games with me and my little brother Lewis. I remember one of them. We all sat down on the floor around the wall in this room and rolled four wooden balls around the room from one to the other. Father, Uncle Jerome, Aunt Emma, Baby Lewis and myself and, for a little while, my mother.

My little brother was sickly and unusual diet would cause light spasms. I remember two or three times when the eating of cheese brought on this distress. He was already exhibiting his facetious nature. I think the first things which he ever spoke were jokes. Later on this joking disposition on his part I quite resented in my greater seriousness of mind, and I think my own habits as a solitary child also made me unsociable in some degree. And I remember his jests and the merriment they caused while he was still an infant in arms. I wish I could have had a part of that jovial nature.

In the second house which we occupied in Rushford we all had the scarlet fever. I remember something of that house, with a row of great maple trees in front of it. Night after night I was delirious with the fever, and my father sponged me over with tepid water until I was able to sleep. When I recovered all my skin peeled off, and I was scarcely able to be dressed when they told me that my sister Harriet had died, and took me in to see her body before her burial. She was a plump little girl, and just beginning to talk. I remember that the night before she was taken sick mother had reproved her at the table for misbehaviour and afterwards spoke sadly about it, thinking the child had been already unwell. I remember also one of my brother Lewis's speeches shortly before, when he said to his mother: "I love one another, but Hottie don't." This became a by-word in our household. Harriet's death was a great affliction to both my parents. She was their only daughter and a very promising and winning child. The process of photography had not been invented, but ambrotypes and daguerreotypes

were known. My father and my mother each had a picture taken with the dead child in their arms, and I have still another picture representing her in her little crib. Her body was taken to Riga for burial.

After her death Miss Holley and Miss Putnam paid us a visit, coming, I think, to help my mother in her grief at the bereavement. I know Miss Putnam did help mother about some family affairs, and they both read to me. Miss Putnam was a very good reader, and child as I was I understood her rendering of Julius Caesar. I always think of her yet when I read that play. And I think the readings by her and my own mother about this time gave me my first real discrimination in matters of literary taste. Within a few years I had read all of Shakespeare for myself, and considerable parts of Milton, as well as some histories, which were rather heavy and soon forgotten. Perhaps equally important were the "pieces" which I committed to memory. I selected quite a number of short poems which struck my fancy, most of them of a heroic nature like those of Whittier and Lowell, which I not only recited to my parents but conned over again and again by myself until both the sentiment and the language sank into my very heart and became a part of me.

In Rushford, too, I had my first little girl friend. Her name was Nellie, but I do not remember the othername. Somehow I admired her at school, and several times I called and played at her house. It was counted a very strange thing for a little boy to call on a little girl. Nevertheless we had a pleasant understanding with each other which continued until we moved away.

But the great thing occupying my mind, and every other body's mind was the war. At the beginning the people of the North were very confident, and McClellan's early victories in West Virginia encouraged these hopes. The Union forces won in all those little skirmishes which we called battles. I remember the newspaper reading with the frequent head-lines "The Rebels on the Run Again."

Then came the stunning defeat at Bull Run. The papers which had been crowing now wept, telling us how fine carriages and fashionable people who had gone out to see the victory had been actually captured by the victorious rebels. Several men who had been wounded at that battle came home on furlough: one of them with an empty sleeve because his arm had been amputated in hospital. We all learned a good many new words, like "amputation, commissary, picket guard, zouave," and all the technical

language of militarism. And then came the long delay while McClellan was getting ready for the advance which he never made. The standing head line in the newspapers was "All Quiet Along the Potomac." But McClellan was still afraid of the wooden guns the rebels had set up in their batteries across the river, and refused to move until President Lincoln, co-incident with the outcry from the whole North, ordered McClellan to make an advance movement within so many days, but his advance movements were so slow that we came to believe he was a traitor. Meanwhile other campaigns were in progress: Fremont and Lyon of Missouri and Banks of the Red River, and Butler at the Bermuda Hundred and New Orleans. Finally there were not volunteers enough, and we had to have a draft. My father had a lame ankle and could not go as a soldier but he showed his moral courage by taking up the unpopular work of making the enumerations necessary for the draft, and speaking in various public meetings that were held to encourage the Government.

And once while we were at Rushford Grandpa and Grandma Goodell from New York paid us a visit. They came to Cuba, the nearest railway station and then rode over to Rushford on the stage.

Years after when Grandpa and Grandma Goodell lived at my father's house in Jamesville, he told me the story of his own early life. He was born in 1792, the first white child in what is now Broome County, N.Y., perhaps a hundred and twenty five miles north west of New York city ~~State~~. His father Frederick Goodell of Pomfret, Conn., had been a soldier in the Revolution and came to this new settlement in New York State to find a better and a larger farm than he could get in his native state. He was so long in clearing his land and building his house that his wife started after him and reached where he was staying the new unexpectedly one evening after dark. But Frederick Goodell died while his children were still young, and my grandfather was sent back to friends in Connecticut. He had a great taste for study, and was able to teach school at sixteen. Soon after he began a commercial career in Providence, later drifting to New York, and after other adventures which I shall tell later devoted himself to the Temperance agitation, and later, after 1833 to the cause of Abolition. At the first national Anti-Slavery Convention in Philadelphia he was appointed with Garrison and Whittier to prepare an address to the people of the United

States. Of course Garrison was the spokesman and made the first draft and that original draft, with a very few corrections, is still in my possession. In 1840 the friends of anti-slavery divided, and Goodell joined the political wing which organised the party at Albany with James C. Burney for president. Worn out with city life he went from New York to Utica for a time, where he edited an anti-slavery paper, and to Honeoye, where he became pastor of an anti-slavery church. It was from there that he sent his daughter Maria to Oberling where she met my father, but before the war Goodell had gone back to New York and was editing his fifth or sixth newspaper called the "Principia." He belonged to the Radical political wing of the Abolitionists and was associated with such men as Arthur and Lewis Tappen and Garrett Smith, who were too extreme in their views to co-operate with the Republicans, though they undoubtedly ~~[illegible]~~ influenced the republicans greatly by their agitations and declarations of principle. Many years before, Grandpa Goodell had been so conspicuous that the slave owners offered a reward of 10,000 dollars to anybody who would bring him into the slave states where he could be lynched!

Of course when it was known that he was coming to Rushford they arranged for a public meeting, and I still remember the great audience which gathered in the largest church in the little town. I had never seen my grandfather Goodell until this visit, and he was already a grey haired man, looking, not as he does in the oil portrait, but as he is shown in the daguerreotype now owned I think by my brother Nelson and in the photogravure affixed to his memorial pamphlet. He spoke from a manuscript and with little attempt at oratorical display, relying upon sound reason and moral earnestness. He proposed that this meeting should pass a resolution urging President Lincoln to issue a proclamation abolishing slavery.

Of course the question of slavery came up soon after the rebellion began. Lincoln was elected on a platform which obliged him on the one hand to prevent the extension of slavery into the free states and territories, and on the other hand to let slavery alone in the states where it already existed. Accordingly at the beginning of the war his generals were very careful not to interfere with slave property, but they had to treat the slaves just as they treated the horses and cattle of the rebels whose territory they invaded. General Ben Butler was the

first to announce this principle and to show that slaves like horses and cattle would be "contraband" goods. This word "contraband" had long been used in international law to represent private property confiscated by the enemy under necessity of war and at once the name "contraband" was applied to all the negroes who came into the Union camps and lines. The adjective became a noun and the papers began to tell us how many "contrabands" there were in the Union camps. General Fremont in Missouri had issued an independent proclamation freeing the slaves in his district but this action had been over-ruled by Lincoln.

I remember my childish anxiety as to whether Grandpa would convince the great audience that was listening to him, and I looked from one face to another to see how the leading men in our village were affected by what he said. I cannot remember the line of argument but I know that his pale cheeks grew red as he proceeded and that his voice rose to a high pitch of appeal and denunciation. At last he approached the end and stated again the resolution which he proposed they should adopt, then he said: "How many in this audience will sign such a manifesto to be sent to the President of the United States?" To my relief and joy the entire audience stood up and I suppose that their letter to President Lincoln was one of the thousand straws which ~~which~~ gave him a public sentiment to stand on when he issued the Emancipation Proclamation a few months later.

Somehow it was decided that mother and I should go with Grandpa Goodell back to New York and of course this was a wonderful event for me. I have a shadowy impression that I had been to New York once before, for I seem to remember parts of a visit there in which my father was present. I think that with my father I visited the Orphan's Home which our Sunday School had been contributing to for many years, and I am sure that I once rode up the Hudson River in a steam-boat with my father. But these two fragments of memory are all that remain from that earlier visit. This time I must have been eight or nine years old and memory is more vivid. I remember the ride on the cars. At the station, for the first and only time in my life, I saw Grandpa Goodell angry because the ticket agent gave him false information and did not understand his business. On the journey to visit with him; when we crossed the Susquehanna ~~and~~ Binghamton he pointed out the valley in

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which he was born and where he and his brothers had played half a century before. I believe there are still Goodells in that neighbourhood: there were, twenty five years ago, and I intend to make an investigation if I ever have a few days for self-indulgence. These are the things which I remember in that visit to New York. First the house in Williamsburg where Grandpa lived with Grandma and Aunt Vinnie, as we called my mother's sister Lavinia. It was a brown stone house in a modest street with a back yard where I could play about twenty feet square. In the attic storey were Grandpa's trunks which he brought home from his foreign voyages. One of these trunks I still own, and the other was burned with our goods when they were stored in the carriage house at Berea. Fortunately I have the trunk which contained his sea journals, and during this visit he once or twice found time to tell me a little about his double voyage to India.

On Sundays we attended a rather small church where I think Mr. Jocelyn or Mr. Cheever was the preacher. It was a church of anti-slavery people who had left other churches under more or less persecution, and it maintained an afternoon Sunday School for colored children which I attended once or twice, helping a big colored man learn his letters.

But more interesting to me than the house was the office which was I think in William St, where Grandpa edited the "Principia." There were two little rooms perhaps ten feet square, one occupied by Grandpa as editor, and the other by Mr. Alden as publisher. Aunt Vinnie was Grandpa's secretary and assistant, reading the newspapers which were sent in exchange for the "Principia" by other publishers, and looking after the literary and home departments of the paper. I remember the heavy wooden chair in which Grandpa sat and the wooden inkstand on his desk, which I now have. Several times I went with them to the office in the morning crossing the river on a ferry boat, looking at pictures or reading while they did their morning's work, and going to a restaurant for the mid-day lunch. It was our plan to have a lunch which should cost fifteen cents each, and you may believe it was rather a light lunch. I remember father had made one of the conditions of my going a promise that I would be careful of what I ate and in particular not to eat any pine-apples or cucumbers. Prices were high because the paper money of

the Government had depreciated. I remember the strange experience we had about money at the beginning of the war. It was quite exciting to find that gold and silver were at a premium. We could trade a gold dollar for a dollar and a half in paper money. Presently all gold and silver disappeared. Somebody had given me a gold dollar which I took to New York and actually exchanged at the Bank for two dollars and a half of paper money. Of course the two dollars and a half would only buy about as much as the one dollar in gold had bought.

I remember one meeting of anti-slavery men in New York. I think it was not at Grandpa's office, but that he took me to some other office. Horace Greely was there, though he was a Republican and not a political abolitionist. When the company broke up somebody said: "Well, gentlemen, we must remember this, when we have the negroes set free it will take two or three generations to bring them up to real civilization." I often think of this when I hear people say that emancipation was a failure.

Fourth Group of Stories.

Beside Lake Erie.

The war was still in progress when we moved from Rushford to Evans, some twenty miles south of Buffalo in Erie County, two miles from the lake.

In Evans I found my first friend and did my first regular school work, and nearly attained my growth. While waiting for our household goods to arrive we were entertained by Deacon Philo Carrier. He then lived at Angola Station, a mile and a half from Evans on the railroad. He told me that at night I should see his son George, and explained to me that George had had an accident in early life and bore a personal deformity. As a matter of fact he was a hunchback. When I met him I knew that he was a serious-minded good boy and one whose society I should enjoy. I think he was three years older than myself, and of course he was somewhat more advanced in studies.

The parsonage in Evans was an old wooden colored house containing one great fireplace which had been bricked up as well as the brick oven which was beside it, and located just beside the little church building. There were about four acres of land, a garden whose soil was full of small slate stones, an orchard which bore delicious pippins, wine apples, sheep's noses or gilly flowers, and russets: a pasture lot which sloped down and was bounded by the creek. Here began my steady education in manual responsibilities. I engaged to take care of the church, and ring the bell every day at noon for a compensation of fifty cents a week. The church paid twenty-five cents for caring for the building, and a subscription of citizens paid twenty

five cents a week for having the bell rung at noon. My father told me that in his boyhood days he had had the same bell ringing responsibility in Riga. About the bell ringing I have one vivid memory. I resolved without consulting anyone to ring the bell at midnight New Year's morning, and had a slightly gruesome experience in going alone at that hour with my lantern, unlocking the church, ascending to the gallery and ringing the bell. And I remember the care of the church on the whole pleasantly. Once there was a broken window and snow was blown into the church and distributed in a thin layer all over the carpet It was very pleasant work sweeping up that snow, and so cleaning the carpet without raising any dust. The orchard was infested with red squirrels, and I made a box trap in which I caught a number. Father made a squirrel cage with a wheel in which they could take exercise. He gave me a piece of garden ground where I could raise corn and sunflowers to feed chickens if I should have any, and this was my first financial undertaking. Even in Arcade I had done a little garden work. It was one of my father's prudent plans to raise a great many carrots. He could get more food for horse and cow from an acre of carrots than from any other crop, and I remember what hard work I found it to weed out these carrots in the rows. Now I had a possibility of raising corn for chickens if I could get the chickens. Because of the war cotton had become scarce, and cotton rags for the manufacture of paper were worth five cents a pound. The people who had lived in the parsonage before us had left a great many rags about the place and I picked up eight pounds and bought a hen for thirty cents and a dozen eggs for ten cents more. This one hen was the foundation of my fortune. She came off with nine chicks, and every day I spaded up a portion of the garden so that she could get angle worms for feeding herself and the chickens. Besides this I had the scraps from the table. When the chickens were raised the hen began to lay eggs and I had a revenue. Then I bought a black Spanish rooster for a dollar and a quarter, and the next season all my chickens were black and I had a number of half-breed cocks to sell for something more than their mere worth for the table.

When the flock became too numerous to be fed from table scraps and angle worms I began buying screenings at the mill. (Screenings are defective grains of wheat taken out before it is ground into flour.) With this beginning I amassed about twenty five dollars during the three or four years that we lived in Evans.

All these activities made the life there much better for me than that which I led at Rushford. I learned to drive and ride our black mare Lady, and undertook the raising of pigeons, but it did not prove successful.

And then there was the lake. Whenever we had a visitor we took them there. A level road of two miles brought us near the shore. The shore was lined by a sand dune thirty or forty feet high covered with pines and beyond that was the beach where we could pick up small conical shells called periwinkles and beautiful pebbles. There was some fishing in the creek which ran back of our pasture. Especially in the springtime the spearing of fish was a popular sport with the boys. I was never specially expert at this though I speared a few. But in the lake itself was a great sport which I have never heard of elsewhere - the fishing for sturgeon. The sturgeon as he was called was a scaleless fish with a great snout and a sucker mouth underneath it with which he could gather his food from the bottom of the lake. It was about as large as a big boy, four to six feet in length, and seemed to spend most of his time like a hog lying on the bottom of the lake in places where it was from fifteen to twenty feet deep. The method of fishing was to drag a hook with three prongs along the bottom of the lake until it caught into a sturgeon. Then he began to pull on his end of the line and we at ours until we brought him to the surface and with great floppings and commotion lifted him into the boat. As soon as he was in the boat we stuck a knife into his backbone at the place where his neck might be imagined to be, and that paralysed him so that he ceased flopping. When we got him home we cut out of his gristly snout a ball which was more elastic than any rubber. A child could throw one of these balls on the side-walk and it would bound thirty feet high. The meat was rank and oily, but we boiled it and then salted it down, afterwards taking it out of the bring and frying it and it was very good eating.

And here began my regular work in school. I had learned to read, and read a great deal. My mind was fresh and active, so that in one year I fully overtook all the boys of my age and had a specially good place in the school because of excellence in reciting poetry and speaking pieces, and even writing compositions.

The teacher was Mr. Berry from Buffalo. I now realise that he was rather a modest and young man, but he seemed to me a great character at that time. Without being in any way brilliant he was faithful and helpful. By some happy mismanagement I skipped general geography and started at once with Warren's Physical Geography. This opened up at once the heart of the subject and introduced me to the great conceptions of astronomy and geology. I have the book yet with one or two drawings on the inside of the covers. It was a pretty stiff book at the beginning, but I soon mastered it, and my friend George Carrier who shared my desk was studying it at the same time, and helped me. I must have mastered the main portionsof arithmetic, though I do not remember them as well. There were two girls in the school that I liked to look at. Eunice Holmes, whose face and figure are still vivid in my memory, was somewhat more advanced than myself, and I think I never spoke to her, but I looked at her, and rememberher yet. Anna Amory was another girl whom it was pleasant to look at. I saw her twelve years after that, when I revisited Evans, and I should not have known her. Her rich golden hair had turned black and grey, and face and voice were sadly changed. The last year we were in Evans George Carrier's father and mother adopted a daughter, some distant relative, and I was much taken with this little Nellie Carrier. She had golden ringlets and I think the purest almost china-like complexion of any person I ever saw. When we came away I asked for one of her ringlets and thought we should correspond, but we never did.

In Evans my brother Nelson was born. Grandma Frost came to make us a visit bringing a great basket instead of a trunk. When I got up next morning I had a new baby brother, and Grandma said she brought it in that basket. My brother Lewis and myself had duties in helping take care of the baby, which I am afraid we did not greatly enjoy. I remember one

occasion on which we deliberately tired him out with play in order that he might go to sleep and leave us free. My friendship with George Carrier kept Lewis and myself from being as intimate as brothers might be, and I presume he had the same experience of lonesomeness that I had had in my younger days.

George Carrier and I used to think and talk a great deal about religion. We both wanted to be Christians and neither of us knew how. We prayed alone and together and read the Bible but somehow the being a Christian seemed to us a mystery. Finally I asked my father to tell me how I could become a Christian. It was one Sunday afternoon, and he talked with me for an hour making it seem at the time very plain and simple and I prayed with him, and from that time for a little while counted myself a Christian, but I did not join the church. About the time I left Evans George had made up his mind that he was a Christian and might join the church.

In Evans we had another visit, the last, from Miss Holley and Miss Putnam, and visits from Mr. Cunhingham and other of the ministers in Western New York, who had been father's friends and whom I saw no more. And then came a very delightful visit from Aunt "Vinnie" and Cousin Sarah Thomas, a dear cousin of my mother's. Aunt Vinnie and Cousin Sarah were about the same age and very good friends. Cousin Sarah lived in Connecticut, her mother being a sister of Grandma Goodell. Grandpa Goodell had now discontinued the "Principia" and gone to live in Connecticut with the Thomas family. Aunt Vinnie had secured a position with Harper and Bros. in their great publishing office, and used to send us "Harper's Weekly," "Harper's Monthly," and "Harper's Bazaar." I greatly enjoyed this visit from Aunt Vinnie and Cousin Sarah, and took them on many rides to the lake, persuaded them to climb the church tower, and listened to their reading of various authors.

The war still went on and we elected Lincoln a second time as President and again the "wide-awakes" marched and shouted. I organised a club of Republican boys, drawing in several sons of Democrat fathers and exerting so much influence in that direction that the Republican Committee furnished oil for a boys' torchlight parade, at which I stood on the ~~hastings~~ hay scales and made a speech. Some of my school-fellows were

clad in blue garments made from cast-off uniforms of their fathers who were in the army. The war was no longer the trifling affair it had been at the beginning but we were sending men to the front a hundred thousand at a time. McClellan had been pushed aside and several great generals had been developed on the Union side. There was a Sanitary Commission who collected hospital stores for the wounded, and a Christian Commission to provide Bibles and preachers for the men in camp. This Christian Commission issued a call for preachers asking that church should release their ministers to spend six weeks preaching to the soldiers. My father went and left me in charge of the horse, cow, four acres of land, and all the family responsibilities. And it was while he was with the army that President Lincoln was shot. I remember where I stood near the chicken house one morning when a neighbour boy ran in and said "Lincoln has been killed!" I sat down on a block of wood and cried. The rebellion of course was already crushed but all our rejoicings were hushed by this great bereavement of Lincoln's death. A few weeks afterwards General Grant passed through Angola Station on a train of cars and a thousand people were there to see him. He was accomodating enough to put his head out of the window! After Lincoln's death Andrew Johnson, the vice-president, succeeded to his office and seemed to fall at once under the influence of the rebels. At any rate he did not agree with Congress as to the way in which the rebel states should be reconstructed. He passed through the country, swinging around the circle, as he called it, from state to state, making speeches in which he outlined his policy, and a number of Republican Congressmen swung around the circle after him, speaking in opposition. Father took me to Buffalo to attend one of these meetings. What I remember is that "Parson Brownlow" was there, a man from East Tenessee. He nominated Andrew Johnson for vice-president, and he now devoted himself to denouncing him in the most extreme and excessive tirade of invective which I ever heard. Brownlow had suffered imprisonment at the hands of the rebels and was much broken in health. He took hold of a chair to support himself on the platform and spoke with his eyes closed, but he

scored Andrew Johnson and a few weeks later Johnson was impeached by Congress.

And now my father planned to go to his little place in Jamesville, Wis., for a few years in order that I and my brother should learn how to work on the little farm. He had several reasons but this was one.

Before starting I made a visit to Riga where I spent a week and saw Grandma Frost for the last time. On the way I spent a night in Buffalo at the home of Mollie Shepherd Parke, whom I had known in Arcade.

We took our black mare Lady and her black colt Prince, now well grown so that we had a team, and went on the freight train with these horses. I slept in the car with them, and mother and the children went in the caboose at the end of the train. For me it was a very enjoyable trip though it must have been hard for mother. At Chicago we took the horses out of the car and hitched them to the carriage and father and Lewis drove through ninety miles to Jamesville. Mother and I and the baby went ahead by train and spent the first night in a hotel, but this opens another chapter.

Fifth Group of Stories.

Jamesville, Wis.

In the summer of 1906 when I had recovered from my second attack of inflammatory rheumatism I left the sanatarium in Michigan to speak at some Chautauqua conferences in Illinois, and took the opportunity of paying a visit to my boyhood home in Jamesville. It was greatly changed, and in the hands of strangers, but that beautiful hill side commanding a view of the city across the Rock River had many dear associations to me and my father.

I have already related how his father made a trip with him through the West and bought these twelve acres of land and gave them to him when he was just starting out as a minister, and how he lived there two years when I was a baby. They told me that some time during those two years they had a visit there from Mr. Walker who was the first husband of my Aunt Minerva.

The way in which they were led to Jamesville is interesting. When a student at Oberlin my father had a room in the house of Mr. Willard, the father of Francis E. Willard, the famous temperance worker. Mr. and Mrs. Willard after they were married and after the birth of Francis went to Oberlin and stayed for two years. He was a man of independent means and wanted to know more of the things which are to be learned at college. He then moved to Wisconsin and settled on a very beautiful farm near Jamesville. Soon after Tutor Hodge of Oberlin gave up his teaching and went West and settled upon a farm adjoining that of Mr. Willard. Tutor Hodge was a character and a man to whom I am much indebted. His grandfather was the English Governer of one of the West Indian Islands. Hodge was sent to college at Yale and from there went to Oberlin as tutor. He was a man of

fine culture and literary tastes, but somewhat boorish in his manner, and an inveterate punster and wag. My father made a Western trip to visit these friends, and that visit led to the selection of the Jamesville place which his father purchased and gave him.

There were twelve acres, and, at a little distance, ten acres more which father had afterwards bought himself and which adjoined the State Institution for the education of the blind to which that part of the land was afterwards sold. The twelve acre piece contained a small house and a stone barn. Its beauty was its commanding view across the valley of the Rock River to the main part of the city of Jamesville.

In front of the house was a fine grove of oak trees from one of which I hung a great swing. To another tree I nailed cleats so that I could easily ascend to the top where I had a fixed seat which thus gave me a place of retirement and observation which I think was worth a good deal to me in those former years. There were hazel bushes which bore nuts around the corners of the place, and it was infested with interesting little ~~brown~~ squirrels called gophers. Rock River was ground frequented by wild ducks, and we saw a great deal of passing wild geese and wild pigeons. Rabbits and prairie chickens were also common. I bought an old army musket but my hunting never went farther than the shooting of three or four rabbits and I think two wild ducks. I used to go in bathing timidly and cautiously in Rock River. It was cold and had a rapid current and once I saw a boy drowned, and at another time I assisted in dragging the river for the body of a boy who had lost his life in bathing. The winters were cold and we had much good skating on the river.

The chief thing father took me to this little farm for was that I might learn to work and I can never be too grateful to him for this part of my education. He worked with me and I soon had a great interest in all the farm operations. Very often our work was such that we could talk and he visited with me on a great variety of topics - family history, politics, his ideas on religion, life and things in general. I soon learned to handle a team of horses, plough, drag, cultivate, pitch hay, and bind grain. In the harvest season I worked for other farmers, especially Mr. Hodge, and at sixteen

I was able to be one of four "men" who could bind grain fast enough to keep up with the old fashioned reaper of those days. Now grain is bound automatically with twine or wire on the reaping machine itself. I remember binding grain in Tutor Hodge's field one hot summer day, when we were relieved by a nearly total eclipse of the sun, and I suppose that summer could be dated by that eclipse, which must have been about 1869. We raised great crops of potatoes which brought good prices, and made my back ache in the digging. We kept Berkshire hogs that were beauties in a hog way, and grafted a great many fruit trees which never came to anything. Perhaps our most brilliant farm exploit was the drawing of manure from the city. Nobody in that country had yet realised the value of manure in agriculture and people were glad to have us draw it away from the barnyards. One spring father bought a pair of broken down horses and set me to draw manure from the city. It was good work, giving me a good deal of time to think and even read as we were going and coming, and I took good care of the horses so that in the fall we sold them at a large advance. Father always allowed me one or two hours of rest in the middle of the day and I read a good many books, most of which were somewhat beyond me at that time, histories, which I have largely forgotten. Father built a woodshed for the house and several outbuildings, for he was really a good carpenter and I learned a great deal working with him in these enterprises. The result of it all was that I laid the foundations of a very elastic if not rugged constitution, kept out of mischief, and acquired an interest in all manner of manual labour which has been a joy and a benefit to me all my life.

Our family life was very simple. Father and I helped a good deal about the housework. I have known him to help mother through with the family washing when we could not get a laundress, and during all those years I think I never failed to get supper, invariably consisting of corn-meal mush; making it and eating it all those years has increased my appetite for corn meal and I doubt if I ever have enough of it! Very soon father began to preach in country churches round about. For a long time he was pastor of a church at Emerald Grove seven miles away. I still remember the Sunday dinners and suppers that we had alone with mother, and his late return Sunday night. I think I have not mentioned my mother's

deafness. This was very slight when my memory begins but had been growing steadily worse, so that at this time she could hear no public speaking, and she was more and more shut in the reading which had always been her special delight. She bore the affliction cheerfully, and it had come so gradually that we all took it as a matter of course. I can see now how it really affected our family life, limiting conversation and leaving her in a kind of solitude, even in the family circle.

My ~~next~~ brother Willard was born at this time and in many ways he was the special darling of us all. Even as a baby he resembled me, having the same red hair and light complexion, and I was much pleased at having him receive the name Willard, which resembled my own. The baby was a curiosity in the house and I think we all enjoyed him, while the other babies had been rather a trial to me.

During these years we had little company, living in the outskirts of the city with neighbours around us who were not congenial, and my mother's deafness being a distinct bar to social life. Uncle Jerome came to us after the death of his wife Emma, bringing his two little children, ~~Emma~~ Nellie and Frank. And one or two of father's old friends from the East passed our way, the Rev. Jeremiah Butler, whose son had been my friend at Riga, and whose calm ways I greatly enjoyed. One of these visitors I especially remember was Prof. George N. Allen of Oberlin. Prof. Allen was long at the headoof the Music Department in Oberlin, and made for himself an immortal niche by re-writing into its present form the hymn adopted by the Oberlin Alumni beginning "Must Jesus bear the Cross Alone." But he was also a man of science and was at that time travelling through the west partly to collect geological and other specimens for Oberlin Museum. I remember as he departed that he said to me "I shall expect to see you some time at Oberlin." My thought was No, you never will, for at that time I was quite opposed to a classical education and dreamed of going to West Point and becoming a soldier.

But one great event occurred in our family life in Jamesville and that was the coming of Grandpa and Grandma Goodell to live with us. Grandpa made a trip to Chicago to attend a reunion of the old Abolitionists, and of course he came up to Jamesville to visit. He was charmed with our location, and my father thought mother would be

happier if her parents were living with her and that they would be as well living with us as they were living with the Thomas cousins in Connecticut. So it was arranged that they were to come the next spring. Mr. Elmore, the husband of my Aunt Juliette, was a carpenter, and he spent that winter with us and he and my father and I raised the roof and put in four comfortable rooms on the upper storey, two of which were especially designed for Grandpa and Grandma. They came and were duly installed there, buying themselves the furniture for those two rooms, which included Grandma's rocking chair and Grandpa's book-case which I still own.

This made quite a difference in our life. There were two more people at the table, and Grandpa was always an entertaining converser. He was busy writing books and newspaper articles all the morning, taking his daily walk with great regularity, and occasionally preached in some of the city churches. And very often I spent the evening in his room hearing his stories of early life and of the great Temperance and Anti-Slavery Reformations in which he had taken such an exciting part. Here again was a great advantage which my younger brothers hardly shared. I came to feel as though I knew what he knew of the earlier years of our country's development, and all that history seemed very real to me. Those evenings in Grandpa's room I have hardly thought of for thirty years, but I believe that through all those thirty years they have had a distinct influence and a good influence in my life.

And in church matters Jamesville was important to me. The first year father preached but little, and we all attended the Congregational church. The minister was a young man named Norton, who read grammatically composed essays but did not seem to know very much about religion. In the winter, however, he invited an evangelist to hold a protracted meeting in the church. This man was John T. Avory, quite widely distinguished as an evangelist of real power. I wish I could have heard him years before. It gave me a chance to begin a Christian life with real confidence. I now believe that I had been a Christian but I had needed to have somebody tell me to go forward and act like a Christian, and to believe that when I did my best in real repentance and honesty the good Lord met me and was able to do all the rest that was necessary. I still used to

wonder when I did wrong whether I ~~should~~ had ever ~~have~~ been a Christian, but Mr Avory said: "If you are ever in doubt as to whether you have been converted or not, get right down on your knees and say to the Lord 'If I have never been a Christian I will begin now,' and then go ahead."

Mr. Norton left Jamesville very soon and was succeeded by Dr. Lyman Whiting, and his coming I must always count one of the blessings of my early life. Dr. Whiting was not a college graduate and all the more for that reason was was he ambitious to be and to appear educated and interested in all college concerns. He was very soon appointed a trustee of Beloit College, located twelve miles south of Jamesville. He was what we call an "old school" man in theology, whereas my father and the Oberlin people were "new school." The difference was that he made a great deal out of the sin of Adam and the total depravity of man. He really preached that man had no power to repent, but after he had preached this "old school" doctrine enough to satisfy his beliefs he turned right round and begged us to repent, and a great many people did accept his invitation. It was very beautiful the way in which my father put up with his preaching. He could easily have made fun of it and confuted it, but he saw the good that was in it in spite of the "old school" part, and so he did all he could to make me and the other boys respect and love Dr. Whiting. Dr. Whiting was a good pastor. He made calls, knew and loved everybody, and organised all the departments of church work. The Sunday School flourished and was interested. We all learned the important parts of the Catechism, and long lists of Bible texts and hymns. And best of all, he organised a Young People's Meeting. That was before the days of the Christian Endeavour, and even the Young Men's Christian Association had not been heard of outside a few large cities. I remember how skilfully and pleasantly he did it. He first invited a dozen or twenty young people to his study and spent a pleasant evening with us, talking himself and having us sing a few hymns. After this had happened several times, so that we were acquainted with each other and with him we began a little religious service together and he asked different ones of us to select hymns, read the Scriptures, and pray.

At the end of a few weeks we met alone and carried on the meeting all by ourselves. And so it was very easy for me on my sixteenth birthday to join the church.

I remember once a Union Sunday School meeting in Jamesville when a Y.M.C.A. worker from Chicago came to speak to us. He was a vigorous young fellow with a full beard and kindly manner, and began to interest us by talking about the beauty of birds and showing us a bright and wonderful feather. His name was Dwight L. Moody. I kept up an acquaintance with Mr. Whiting as long as he lived, and he lived to be the oldest Congregational minister in the United States. He left a small bequest to Berea College for my sake.

And there was just one other element in our Jamesville life which must be told about, and that is my schools. I went first to the city high school and must have been there about a year. They had hard work to classify me because I had been to school so little before and yet had so much general intelligence from my reading and home advantages. I remember the faces of my high school teachers though not their names. I am most indebted to the beautiful young woman who taught me Green's "Analysis of the English Sentence," and showed me how to analyse sentences by writing them down in diagrams on the black-board. I had never studied formal grammar in any way before, but this gave me all the essential parts of grammar in a few weeks and helped me towards clearness of thought and expression. I did not find any special friends among the pupils. My position as one whose home was at quite a distance making acquaintance more difficult. Such of the boys as I did know were rather rude and vulgar. Here again I distinguished myself by speaking pieces in a way that pleased the teachers.

But very soon father took me out of this school and sent me to a much smaller one. Tutor Hodge was still living on his farm three miles from Jamesville on the Rock River (the Willards had sold their farm and moved away.) Just beside Mr. Hodge's house stood a little country school house and he, great man as he was, proposed to teach this country school in order that he might start his own son William and daughter Mary in Latin and algebra. Father proposed that I should attend this country school. There was one

other scholar in that beginning Latin class, a girl named Minnie Otis whose face I still remember. I quite objected to studying a dead language, but father told me to try it for one term. Tutor Hodge made it so interesting that I have been studying it ever since. All this was undoubtedly the turning point with me in the direction of a scholarly ambition. I thoroughly enjoyed every Latin lesson with Tutor Hodge. I think I went to that school two winters and a third winter went to him privately for Latin lessons. Outside of us four Latin students the school contained few whom I specially remember. There were some cousins of the Hodge's with the name of Hovey, Charles and Frank: and a few other families.

But there was more than a school for me here. Mrs Hodge opened her house for gatherings of young people, and here we had a very modest literary society. There were us four Latin students, an older daughter of Tutor Hodge named Anna, and the two Hovey boys and Mrs. Hodge herself. There was a piano, some good pictures, and choice books, and the whole atmosphere did me good. I did not progress as rapidly in scholarship and attainments in those years as I might by any means, but my progress was sound and in the right direction.

While in Jamesville I heard several distinguished speakers, Elder Knapp the veteran Baptist evangelist I heard once, and John B. Gough, the great temperance orator twice, and besides this Mr. Lock, whose pen name was "petroleum," V. Nasby, Bayard Taylor, and Dr. Holland, and Theodor Tilton

I must not omit my introduction to art. Father had not encouraged me to study music, but in my younger boyhood had bought me a book of instruction on drawing. In Jamesville there appeared a wandering portrait painter named Carpenter, with whom I soon formed an intimacy and from whom I took drawing lessons. He had one or two fine portraits and some choice engravings which I enjoyed, and he lived at

our house for a month and painted a portrait of my father which was so small a success that it was soon after destroyed. Nevertheless my acquaintance with this man awakened tastes which have been the source of much pleasure to me and I have always been able since then to sketch intelligently things which I wished to remember.

I was now expecting to go away from home to school, and I well remember one affecting farewell given me on a cold afternoon on the street in Jamesville. Captain Brace, a rubicund old gentleman who was a member of the church though living at some distance in the country, got off from his waggon to shake hands with me and give me his blessing and Godspeed. And so my home life virtually ended.

Sixth Group of Stories.

School days at Milton, and Beloit.

These sketches, begun as family stories, are now narrowing down a good deal towards a personal history. It will be of less general interest, though of special importance to my own children.

Milton was a small town eight miles north of Jamesville, and the seat of a Seventh Day Baptist College. My father was supplying the Congregational Church there, and he arranged for me to attend school at that college in the fall of 1871. I was to room with a young man much older than myself named Farnham, and we boarded ourselves in the college dormitory. I had an engagement to ring the college bell which paid my room rent, and a chance to work with a nurseryman two hours any afternoon and earn ten cents an hour.

The life at Milton was in every way good for me. I began to be independent, and yet was in close touch with home. Friday afternoons I frequently walked back to Jamesville carrying a book in my hand and reciting the forms of the Greek verb along the road. Sunday morning I would drive back with father as he came to preach, and bring from home a loaf of bread, a pot of baked beans, and a few eggs and vegetables. My room-mate and I got on perfectly well with the housekeeping. The bell rope came down into my bedroom and I rang the rising bell lying in bed. Then I got up and built a fire and put some potatoes to bake in the oven and began studying. When the potatoes were done my room-mate fried some pork and we took breakfast. Then one of us washed the dishes while the other cooked some graham or corn meal mush. At noon this mush would be cold and cut in slices served with

syrup and constituted our lunch. At night Farnham usually cooked a pretty good dinner while I swept and dusted the rooms. I worked several afternoons in the nursery pulling and making into bundles apple seedlings which were to be grafted in the winter, and took a few walks about town, beginning a collection of American cents by visiting the various tradesmen and getting all the pennies from their tills.

I remember the first meeting of the young men's Religious Society, where I found the most serious-minded boys of the Institution, and took an opportunity early in the meeting of standing up and telling them that I was a Christian and hoped to be on the Lord's side while I was a student in Milton. I also joined a literary society and got into the way of living among students as a responsible individual very pleasantly. TP Here I engaged in the one school prank of my life. I was the bell ringer and I thought it would be a joke to have the bell rung in the night. Accordingly I tied a string to the clapper of the bell, passed it down ~~through~~ over the roof and in a neighbouring window, so that the bell could be rung whilst the bell rope hanging in my ~~room~~ unmoved ~~was unlocked.~~ In this way I and my confederate disturbed the sleep of half the students in the town and brought about a mystery which was talked over for several days - a very flat and unwitty joke. TP I had good teachers. The President of the Institution, Dr. Whitford, wished to acquire the Continental pronunciation of Greek, and to do this undertook himself to teach the beginners in this language, so that I came into direct contact with the greatest man in the Institution, and he was a great man. I have no sympathy with the special views of the Seventh Day Baptists, but any people who maintain a singularity like this in the face of the majority of the Christian world must be persons of real force of character and absolute devotion to conscience. Dr Whitford was such a man and I gained much from knowing him. He had a devotion to that Institution which has many a

time braced me in my duties to Berea. My Latin teacher was Edward Searing, a fine classical scholar, and we used his own edition of Virgil. I came to love the Latin poets so well that I used to stay up till midnight re-reading the portions which had been traversed in class. My geometry teacher was Lucius Heritage, a handsome young man whose abilities afterwards made him professor in the State University at Madison, where I once visited him, and where he died in middle life.

Before the end of this year my father's engagement with the Milton Church ended and they employed another man. I was old enough to know the reason. My father was a very ready and eloquent extempore preacher, but he did not keep up habits of careful study, and this other man, whose thoughts were less important and whose heart was less earnest was better liked because his sermons were finished as well as more poetical, touching the imagination.

This was the fall of the great Chicago fire, and we saw the smoke of that conflagration a hundred miles away. One or two relics of the fire are now in my museum case.

I had never intended to stay in Milton more than that one year, but it was a good year to me and I have always kept up a little connection with the school which has been most friendly and pleasant. If I should visit Milton I could go directly to the room I occupied and find my name where I inscribed it carefully in the rabbit of the window frame where it would not easily be seen or erased.

In the fall of 1872 I entered as a freshman in Beloit College, which was situated twelve miles south of Jamesville, also on the Rock River.

Beloit was one of the early Christian colleges of the West founded by men from Yale, and maintained a high standard. Since my time there it has been greatly enlarged through the generosity of Dr. Pearsons, and young women have been admitted. For several years father used to take me to attend the Commencement exercises at Beloit

and once I went down there with a wagon load of young people whom I knew in connection with the school taught by Tutor Hodge. Early in the summer I drove over with father and passed my examinations, standing high in English, mathematics, history and Latin, but barely getting through on Greek, because I had only had one year of school and made up the rest in a very poor way by private study. Here I roomed with a member of the senior class Now Dr. Miller, of Rockford, Ill,,and boarded at the College Commons, which was really a club managed by the students in a way that was quite diverting. We had a president and treasurer and steward, and it was constitutional for the club to vote when it chose to do so what we would have for dinner. There was a great controversy between the bean and the anti-bean men. Sometimes when a number of the bean men had finished and left the table the anti-bean men would rise and say "Mr President." The President would pound on the table with his knife and call us to order, and the man standing would say, "I move, Mr. President, that we instruct the steward to discontinue beans from the table of this club for three months." The motion would be seconded and carried by a small majority on a rising vote, and the next meal the bean men would rally and countermand this order. We had a Thanksgiving dinner at the club. My father was visiting me that day and sat with us and made one of the after dinner speeches, and on that occasion I read a poem afterwards printed in the Beloit Students' Monthly. That fall I wrote two other poems, one on "October," and one on "Farewell to the Old Home," which were put in the Jamesville Gazette.

That fall was distinguished at Beloit College for a students' rebellion. I cannot remember what was the point at issue, but I think the Faculty had disciplined certain sophomores, and the majority of the students protested. There were three of us who stood out independently and declined to join the protest, my room-mate myself and one other. After a time the protestors were constrained to back down, and we who had had some independence won glory in their eyes as well as in the eyes of

the Faculty. This was a manifestation of that independent spirit which I had learned in childhood, and which has helped me through many a time since. The influence of my room-mate also was most helpful in this and other matters. He was not a brilliant but a very faithful and honorab le man, and I visited him at Rockford in 1906. I knew more or less about the geology which he was taking as a senior, and joined him on some geological expeditions round Beloit.

The freshman class numbered twenty, including Ansley Gray, the temperance orator, Riggs, the missionary to the Indians, and one now president of the Congregational College at Montreal. We soon became well acquainted and had some good times together. I remember two or three strolls which we took, once going south into Illinois, coming back in a rather hilarious fashion on the train.

I did practically no work while at Beloit, beyond sawing a single cord of wood for some citizen across the river. The church I attended had for pastor a Dr. Emerson, who preached a series on the text "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling for it is God that worketh in you to will and to do for his good pleasure." For a little time I taught a Sunday School class.

My teachers were all men of mark - in mathematics Professor Bushnell, kind-hearted and interesting: in English Professor Whitney, brother to the great German and Sanscrit scholar at Yale. He made important suggestions on an essay I handed him entitled "Man's Power over the Material Universe," commending the figurative and poetic way in which I treated some parts of that subject. In Latin I had Professor Porter whose son was a member of our class, and greatly profited from his expositions of the difficult "Preface of Livy." In Greek I had Professor Emerson whom the students named Zeus, after the chief God of the Greeks, and from him I got an ideal of what the study of Greek as literature

ought to mean. He made us really appreciate Homer and the Homeric age, and at college Chapel he used to read from the Greek Testament making his own translation as he went along.

This fall term at Beloit, which lasted I think sixteen weeks, was in some respects the very best of all my terms in school. I was in perfect health, weighing a hundred and sixty five pounds, which is more than I have ever weighed since, and I was perfectly care-free, having no anxieties except those connected with my studies. In many ways it might have been better if I could have kept on longer in Beloit, for we shall see that from that time my life has been a perpetual emergency.

But I always dreamed of going to Oberlin - my father's college . Oberlin at that time had its long vacation in the winter so that its students might earn money teaching country schools. So it was planned that I should drop from Beloit at the end of the fall term, spend the winter at home, and go to Oberlin for the spring and summer terms, which would complete my freshman year. I left Beloit with reluctance and with a most sincere esteem and affection for all my teachers there. And this slight connection with Beloit has been a pleasure and advantage to me all my life.

Our home in Jamesville was already broken up, father having resumed his active ministry and moved to Peccatonica in Illinois some twenty miles south of Beloit. Grandpa and Grandma Goodell had rented a house in Jamesville, and Aunt Lavinia resigning her work withthe Harpers in New York came to live with them. At the end of the fall term at Beloit father came and took my books and room furnishings down to Peccatonica. I stayed for one night with a friend and the next day started on foot for Jamesville to visit my grandparents and aunt. It was a cold snowy day. I wore a heavy cloak and carried a heavy satchel of books. On my way I passed the old Hodge school house but the young people were

all gone. I reached Jamesville late on a winter's afternoon thoroughly tired out, and was welcomed by my Aunt Lavinia and grandparents in the house which they had just taken.

Here I spent several snug and cosy days through Christmas 1872. It was cold weather and I sat by the fireside reading Tennyson and other poetry most of the time with Aunt Lavinia.

During this time I paid a visit to the old home on the little farm on the hillside across the river from Jamesville, where all was desolate and cold, and wrote the poem referred to on "Farewell to the Old Home." This was my last visit with my grandparents. I then spent a few wintry weeks with my father's family at Peccatonica, doing a little reading and reviewing my college studies preparatory for my departure. There was an aged retired minister living ~~, a graduate of Yale, who~~ there took much interest in my prospects and gave me a set of books - a Latin commentary on the Old Testament which has garnished my libfary ever since, and commemorated his goodwill, but which I have never practically used.

And so finally about the first of March I ~~went~~ left my father's home never to return except as a visitor. He bought me a new trunk, and with this trunk well packed with my outfit we started in the cutter for a six miles sleigh ride to a more convenient railway station whence I was to start on my journey. It was the early light of a winter morning. Mother prepared our breakfast and made up for me a lunch with which I could refresh myself on the train. It contained several fried cakes which I kept for a number of years as memorials of farewell. I remember the brilliant sunrise and my pleasant serious talk with father along the way. And there ended the last glimpse of my boyhood.

Seventh Group of Stories.

School Days at Oberlin.

I was full of anticipations of Oberlin. It had been my father's and my mother's school and I had heard about it all my life. I remember stopping, waiting for my train in Chicago and seeing a little of that city, taking time to visit one of the large, and to me striking, churches of the city. I think I must have taken a night train from Chicago and wakened the next morning some time before reaching Oberlin. At any rate I encountered on the train two persons whom I have always known since. and who were going to Oberlin. One of them was Edward Paddock, a theological student who was returning from his winter vacation. The other was Merritt Starr, who was going to Oberlin like myself for the first time and expecting to enter the sophomore class as I was expecting to enter the freshman class. He was afterwards in the same literary society as myself, and is now a great lawyer in Chicago.

In Oberlin itself there was one ~~present~~ person whom I had seen before, Rupert Hodge, an older son of our Tutor Hodge, who had been my teacher. Rupert had visited at home and I had seen him there, and he was expecting my coming. Yes, my old friend William Hodge, who had begun Latin with me, was at that time in Oberlin, so I had two persons there whom I had seen before. I enquired my way from the station to the college campus. Rupert Hodge was earning his way through school by keeping a second-hand book store, and he and his brother were

then rooming in the cupola of a dwelling house where Cummings' book store now is on the corner of College Street and College Place by the second church. The house had been turned to business purposes and the ornamental cupola utilized as a students' room. I arrived there on Saturday and they entertained me there on Sunday. I borrowed a grocery man's delivery wagon and wheeled up my own trunk from the station, and then set out to find a room. Oberlin College has never had but one men's dormitory, Tappan Hall, named after its donor, the great Arthur Tappan of New York, and this was now in an almost ruinous condition. I visited perhaps twenty houses where the sign "Students' Rooms to let" appeared at the gate or window, but Rupert Hodge told me "You can get a room very cheaply in ~~Howard~~ Hall. It is Tappan near-by and comfortable, and you can take the difference between what you would pay in a private house and fit up your ~~Howard~~ Hall room like a palace." " This was good advice and I took it. The rooms in ~~Howard~~ Hall were nine by fifteen feet square. I " rented two rooms and got permission to take out the partition, repair the walls, paper and fresco, and there was a comfortable "palace" where I made my home through all the rest of my college days. I found a class mate, John Anshew, who was glad to go into partnership in this room enterprise, sharing the expenses. The building was not fully occupied. Our room was on the south side, and the south side rooms were fully occupied, but the north side rooms were for the most part unrented, and we had the use of two of these without paying extra rent, so that we had the large room for our study and each of us a little bedroom beside. Very soon I secured the position of Monitor of this building, it being my duty to show rooms to any comer, see that the room rent was paid and maintain order, for which services I received my own room rent free. I hardly know how I was able to fulfil the duties of this office,

but the students were very reasonable, and somehow I got along.

Then came a round of calls upon my teachers, each of whom examined me in some subject. Professor Churchill in mathematics, Rider in Greek, Judson Smith in Latin, and I think my Beloit record was taken on other subjects. First of all I had called on President Fairchild, and he recognised me as my father's son, calling me by name when I came into his study. He was always a most indulgent and appreciative friend. His temperament was quiet and retiring, and mind ~~hardened~~ and accurate. clear He fully appreciated my qualities, and I his, and later when I became a member of the Faculty there we were certainly very helpful to each other. I called on ex President Finney, who remembered both my father and mother, and looked at me with those eagle eyes which were still undimmed by his eighty years. Four other of my father's teachers were still there. Professor Coles, the commentator, also retired from active service, and John Morgan, Professor of the New Testament, who continued in his work in the seminary through my own seminary days. Then there was Professor Dascomb in chemistry and botany, to whom I recited the next year, and Mrs. Dascomb his wife who had been "Lady Principal," which was the old-time designation of the Dean of women. Professor Morgan was still preaching a good deal in the first church, and Professor Hiram Mead was preaching in the second church, and Principal Cross was leading the young people's prayer meeting. The College boarding hall accomodated only some two hundred students, the rest of us finding our meals at private boarding houses. I shifted about more or less in my boarding places, beginning with a house on the west side of West Street, but boarding most of the time on the east side of West Street at a house kept by the sister of my class-mate Derr.

This was Oberlin as I found it in the spring of 1873. The teachers were not as good as those

I had had in Beloit, especially ~~was this true~~ in Greek - Professor Emerson had been an inspirer while Professor Rider was prosy and a mere task master. But the young people's meeting was the brightest I had ever seen, and the literary societies were good. Judson Smith held a high standard in Latin, and Churchill, while easy going as a teacher, was a grand good man and his Bible class and ~~era~~ rhetorical class did me a great deal of good. Later on I heard Professor Dascomb's old-fashioned but interesting lecture in chemistry and botany, and took zoology with A. A. Wright who was just beginning his work in a respectable though not brilliant style. Professor Ellis was a good but not brilliant teacher in logic, psychology, and political economy, Mill's text book, and President Fairchild himself taught hs in his own moral philosophy. J. K. Newton was just installed as Professor of modern languages and with him I had two years of German. I see now very clearly that what affected my soul was the old Oberlin rather than the Oberlin of my day. The live men who did me good were Principal Cross, leader of the young people's prayer meeting, Professor Churchill, old Professor John Morgan, and in a lesser degree Judson Smith and Ellis. Ellis was an overworked man, and Judsom Smith old-fashioned in his scholarship, but his high standard was stimulating. We used to say he taught on the "proceed" method, by which we meant that he never helped us out ~~in this~~ but called on a man expecting him to rise at once, begin the translation where his predecessor left off, and move right on, answering a few questions on syntax at the close.

But I saw Oberlin with instructed and anointed eyes. I realised that this was the school founded in 1833 by the great saints and enthusiasts, Shipperd and Stewart "in order to raise the standard of piety in our country," that it had been the first school to admit colored students, that the greatest modern evangelist and practical theologian, Charles G. Finney had been its president, that it had been the

first school to confer collegiate degrees upon women, and I never realised that it was doing comparatively little just then in the way of progress along any lines. As a matter of fact it had expended its strength in the great Civil War, and at the close of that struggle, when it might have struck into a great career, it had no leader of enterprise and far-seeing faith, so that during my college days and some succeeding years the Institution was declining.

But there were glorious subjects for college study and each of them seemed to come to me just when I was hungry for it. Day's "art of Discourse" in rhetoric gave me method and confidence in English composition, and I was so fortunate as to read Whately's "Rhetoric based on Aristotle" about the same time, and these gave me an impulse in the line of invention and originality. Bascomb's English literature was poorly taught, but I had already read ~~it~~ so widely that it was serviceable to me. The Social associations were fruitful in what I think was their proper way. I heard a number of enlightening lectures by great scientists, Astronomer Proctor and some Oberlin graduate whose name I have forgotten, but who was a popular leturer on science. With these incentives and interpretations the text books and elementary works in science which the college afforded were profitable and gave me a fair outlook in these fields. John Stuart Mill was a great original source book in political economy. Professor Ellis's lectures in psychology supplementing Porter's "Human Intellect" gave me a very sound grounding in psychology which has not been upset but enlarged by the contributions of the genetic and animal psychologists who have come later. Fairchild's "Moral Philosophy" was alone worth going to Oberlin to take.

I was in the most pleasant relations to all my teachers. While I saw Professor Rider's shortcomings and Professor Ellis's limitations I never

had the slightest impulse to speak of them to others or make them feel that I was other than a sincere admirer. And my independent way and thorough scholarship brought me at once into a commanding position in the class. My room-mate HAnshew was a poor student and I became his tutor, a relation which was far more profitable to me than to him.

But my school days in Oberlin were not to glide forward as smoothly as those in Milton and Beloit, but to be a succession of struggles and emergencies, as all my later life has seemed to be. That first spring term was not finished before I had the measles and they left me with inflamed eyes, unfit for study. When this condition became evident I went to Painesville for a visit of two or three weeks with my Aunt Minerva Clayton, who was very kind and read to me in my partial blindness. Then I decided that as I could not yet return to college I would go to Riga and spend the spring and summer on Jerome's farm. On the way I visited my old friends the Carriers who had moved from Evans to some little town on the railroad south of there in Pennsylvania. I also visited Mrs. Mollie Shepherd Park in Buffalo.

That spring and summer in Riga were partly good and partly bad. My Aunt Emma had died and Jerome was a widower. His house was kept by a daughter of the then minister who lived across the road, and who was a selfish, vain and calculating woman. She got herself into Jerome's affections and brought suit against him later for breach of promise of marriage. I enjoyed working on the farm and did a good deal of studying, so as to finally keep up with my class, but with less thoroughness

Just before going back to Oberlin I was invited to give a ledture on Education in the Congregational Church at Riga, and to give an address on"Christianity and the Bible" at the Baptist Church in Churchville two miles away. These were my first

appearances in public address outside of college exercises since the political speech on the hay scales at Evans.

I began reading five minutes at a time three times a day and adding one minute every day. By this cumulative process my eyes were restored, so that the next autumn I joined my class for the year. This sophomore year saw steady progress in my studies and in acquaintance with my class-mates and solid work in my literary society. Its chief feature however was the winter school which I taught at Fairport, the lake harbour two miles from Painesville, Ohio. This was quite a large responsibility ~~of the kind~~, and taxed and developed my powers to the utmost. I boarded around the district, spending a week with each family and usually visiting my Aunt Mrs. Clayton in Painesville for Sunday. I think I interested all the children in their studies and some of them certainly made great progress. The community was wholly without religious services and all that winter I was strongly moved to start a Sunday School or meeting of some kind, but did not quite bring my courage up to the point of doing so.

As the close of the sophomore year drew near my health broke down. I have no idea how this came about but suppose it must have been from lack of exercise and improper diet. I went to Dr. Dascomb for advice and he told me to get out to work and rented me a little part of his garden where I planted onions and other vegetables and raised a little crop. I was still however so far from well that I got excused just before Commencement and started home without writing to my father that I was coming.

This home-coming was a great adventure. I went to Cleveland and engaged steerage passage on a steamboat to Milwaukee, Wis., ~~about seventy miles~~ My father had moved from Peccatonica to Raymond, Wis., about seventy miles south of Milwaukee.

The voyage was a pleasant one, but we had a great mishap, breaking the steamer's propelling screw, so that we had to go into dry dock in Detroit and wait two days. This gave me an opportunity to visit the city and live at the restaurant, but I remember being far from well there. The remaining part of the voyage was even more pleasant. The steamer burned wood and stopped to take up fuel at various places, which gave us an opportunity to go ashore and pick berries. At one of these landing places I cut a staff which I think is still among my possessions. On this voyage I made the acquaintance of P. D. Dodge, whom I afterwards found as Treasurer at Berea, and landed at Milwaukee Sunday and went to the Plankington Hotel where I was observed by Charles Raney, my future brother-in-law, though he did not speak to me then. He remembered me afterwards. Going to church I found the preacher to be my old friend Dr. Whiting, who was supplying the pulpit for that single Sabbath. Monday morning I went on the train to Oakwood which I judged to be the nearest station to Raymond. I had somewhat missed my calculation in this and should have gone to the station beyond. My mistake made it necessary to walk seven or eight miles and I started off across the country with my staff, enquiring my way. As I came nearer to Raymond I met, as I afterwards remembered, two girls driving a team of horses to the blacksmith's shop - the girls whom I saw the following Sunday at my father's church and to whom I was introduced as Jemima and Louise Raney. It had been an old habit with my father when absent from home to surprise us by his return, and I was quite glad to take him by surprise in this homecoming. He was living in the basement of the little church out on the prairie, for Raymond was scarcely even a village. I spent a reasonably pleasant summer at home, and the country diet and air restored my health.* While I was there that summer father took the opportunity to make a visit to Riga leaving me to take care of the family and to read

*Lewis was with the Claytons at Painesville

one of his sermons on the Sunday when he was absent. I made some pleasant acquaintances among the young people of the parish, wholesome country folks, and especially with two families, the Scotts and the Raneys, who were more ambitious and interesting than the average. I went back to Oberlin for my junior year with a definite plan of returning to ~~Evans~~ Raymond and teaching a select school that winter, which I did. The school was quite a success, having about twenty-five scholars, including Vina and David Raney, Andrew Hay, who afterwards married one of the Raney girls, and Tom Carney, who has since been County Attorney. It gave me an opportunity to teach advanced branches, and enjoy a winter at home. The select school closed with a very grand exhibition, the chief feature of which was a presentation of part of Shakspeare's play "The Merchant of Venice." Several young people who were not members of the school took part. Among them Louise Raney, who was not in my school because she was teaching a school of her own a few miles away. She took the part of Portia, and Andrew Hay was Shylock. I took no part, but was stage manager. When I went back to Oberlin that spring I was engaged to Louise, and it was arranged that she was to follow me to Oberlin a little later, when her school was finished. It was a great thing to get her started to school, for none of her people had very much faith in education, but she had the money she had earned at teaching, and the family contributed a little more. And so she came, and I engaged a room for her at the house where I took my meals on West St. We both stayed in Oberlin during the following short summer vacation, and I helped her make up a term of Latin. During this summer vacation President Finney died. On a Sunday night I saw him in the evening standing in his front yard listening to the music in the church near by. I was myself employed during the summer in superintending the

constructing of a cheap gymnasium built by a students' association.

The winter of my senior year Louise returned to Wisconsin and taught school. And the next summer, August 1876 I graduated. Father and mother came on to attend Commencement and my Aunt Lavinia Goodell was there also.

A week after Commencement Louise Raney and I were married at the home of my Aunt Minerva in Painesville. Father and mother were there, with my youngest brother Willard, who was a small boy. The Claytons had adopted a little girl and she and Willard acted as bridesmaid and best man. Mr. and Mrs. Clark, who had belonged to father's church in Arcade, and a few other friends only, were present at the wedding. Father had bought a village lot on West Lorain St, and arranged for me to build a house on it. Until the house should be built I was to have the use of the wing of the house next door, and so Louise and I began keeping house. Father had bought some furniture for us, and we began in the humblest way. It was a time never to be forgotten when Louise and I came back to Oberlin and walked from the station to the little wing where we were to have our first home. On the way we stopped at the grocery store and bought some bread, butter, eggs and vegetables, my first family purchase. That summer I had a number of pupils in Latin, and it had been arranged that I was to begin my theological studies in the seminary: at the same time teaching two classes a day in beginning Greek. I had already through my junior and senior year been teaching preparatory classes in Latin and Greek. Louise was a member of the class which graduated in 1879, and by special permission continued some studies with this class and took some studies with me in the seminary. It was a very busy year, teaching my classes, beginning my theological studies, carrying several private pupils, and building my house. Altogether I earned a little more than four hundred dollars that

year, and thus made our expenses and gave us enough surplus so that we were able to make a visit in Raymond the following summer.

Here is the place for a very hasty sketch of the Raney family and homestead. Father and mother Raney were both from a peninsula of Ireland near Belfast called the Isle of Magee. This is the Protestant portion of Ireland, and they were of Scotch descent, both belonging to families of good name though their own parents on both sides were obscure. Father Raney at an early age went to sea, and had enough education to be first mate on important vessels, involving a good deal of mathematics and real talent in bringing things to pass and managing men. He brought his bride to America and made a home for her in Milwaukee while he continued sailing on the lakes. They bought this farm twenty miles south of Milwaukee at Raymond, and there reared a family of nine children. Mother Raney was a beautiful, good-hearted, wholly uninstructed and undisciplined Scotch girl. I suppose she knew how to read and write, though I had no evidence of it, and her ideas which were restricted to her children showed she must have had strong native qualities. Father Raney was a man of large abilities and the imagination and heart which belong to the ideal sailor. I always remember his prayers, struck through with the awe of one who had known God on the great waters. He was a man of force, bringing things to pass in the community at Raymond and having more influence - or at least getting more things done than anyone else in the church. His early life was understood to have been reckless and wild, and in his last years he committed a great fault which disgraced the family, but I shall always feel that he was a kind of David - a man to be pitied because of his impetuosities, but respected because of his abilities, because of his native powers and real humility and devotion. Ellen, the oldest daughter, had already married and gone to Texas when

I first knew the family. John, the oldest son, was a promising lawyer in Milwaukee, moving at first in the best society by reason of his talents, but falling through drink to be a burden to his friends, and spending his last years in the Soldier's Home which was open to him because he had been a volunteer in the Civil War. The next sister was Jemima, who divided the chief beauty of the family with my Louise. She was fair and had the beautiful complexion so rare in America. She had a quiet, unambitious temperament, but all fidelity, and was the stand-by of her parents and of the family to this day. Then came Charlie, who has had a long and honorable career as a skilled mechanic in Milwaukee. The next sister, Jenny, was what we call a "capable person," a great housekeeper and seamstress. Then came my Louise. She was tall, with black hair and dark hazel eyes which can never be forgotten by one who saw them. In childhood she had been the special charge of an aunt who lived with the family, and imparted to her rare tastes and ideals. She had all the ambition her frail body would allow, and was really remarkable in her ability as a teacher at eighteen. Then came Frank and Vina (Lavinia) who were my pupils in the winter school at Raymond, and David, the next brother, is still a farmer in Raymond. Vina and David both lived with us in Oberlin for a little time and attended school, Vina being a member of the first church choir. Frank followed his sister Ellen Carr and settled in Texas. Vina married Mr. Easton and settled near the old home.

The Raney place was not at all as interesting as the Riga place. The house was a simple and ordinary frame building, comparatively new. Back of it stood the log cabin where the family had first lived and where the older children, including Louise, were born. I made a careful sketch of this cabin that summer when Louise and I were there on our first visit. In the front was a good

croquet ground, and west of the house a meadow which was sometimes flooded with water, and became the scene of some merriment, when we constructed rafts and sailed around on the temporary lake.

This visit to Raymond was one of the pleasantest that I ever had. I was really free from care for those few weeks. I remember we read together Trevelyan's "Life of Lord Macaulay," but we played with her brothers and sisters on the farm, and were well, happy and hopeful.

And there befel that summer a most unexpected event which fixed my life for fifteen years to come. I received a letter from President Fairchild saying that he was visiting his daughter at Ripon, Wis., and wished me to go and see him on a matter of college business, and at the college expense. I went. The family of my old Tutor Hodge had moved to Ripon and I thus had a visit with them which was very delightful. President Fairchild told me that Professor Rider had resigned the chair of Greek at Oberlin, and that the Faculty were disposed to appoint me as tutor in Greek for two years while I should be completing my theological course, and that if all went well, at the end of that time they would give me the appointment of Professor. My salary to begin with was to be eight hundred dollars.

I had never had any great struggle over the question of what my life work was to be. When I first became a Christian I took it as a matter of course that the good I could do in the world was the chief thing, and the only problem was how I could do the most good. My early thoughts of being a soldier of course melted away. I thought of politics and journalism but decided that whatever career of this kind might be before me I would first learn more about religion and take a theological course. The teaching which I had done at Fairport and ~~Evans~~ and in the preparatory ~~past~~ at Oberlin had interested me much, but I had never thought of making teaching my profession until this invitation came from President Raymond

Fairchild which seemed to give the opportunity of influencing a large number of important lives and afforded opportunities as well for writing and preaching, and after thinking the matter over I accepted the call.

My father had moved from Raymond to Grand Blanc, Mich, and I visited him there on my way back to Oberlin, and preached for my father. This was my third sermon. During the previous year I had preached twice in villages near Oberlin. I remember my text was: "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." And the theme was the reasonableness of God's requirements and the consequent folly and sin of those who reject them.

I was really wholly unprepared to teach the Greek which they put in my charge and, ~~if I could,~~ during the remainder of the summer ~~to study in~~ I tried view of the work coming on in the fall, but as soon as this began I realised that I had undertaken too great a task and went directly to President Fairchild and asked him for a leave of absence and a loan of money so that I might go to Harvard and study Greek for the remainder of that year. This was arranged, and at the end of the fall term I started for Harvard.

This Harvard life was very profitable. I had classes with Goodwin, White, and one other teacher in Greek, and in the history of the fine arts with Charles Elliot Norton. Beside this I had for the first time the opportunity to see Boston, and enjoy the great literary advantages of the "Athens of America." Every Monday I heard a lecture by Joseph Cooke. Tuesday nights I attended Lowell Institute lectures. Sundays I heard Phillips Brooks. So passed the winter. In the spring Louise joined me and I migrated from Harvard to Andover, thirty miles away, where I continued my Greek studies and Had also some rare opportunities in hearing the theological lectures of the famous Professor Parke. During the summer I was still studying so as to complete my year of theology.

And in 1879 I graduated in theology and received my full appointment as Professor. Thus ended my student days.

Before quite closing the account, I think I must add one or two more items. My classmates were very generous and appreciative towards me, electing me as one of eight to represent the class at the Junior Exhibition, where I had the second honor - the Latin oration. In the Senior year I was class president, and here I had an opportunity to exhibit that independence which I do not intend to pride myself upon, but yet have a character for maintaining. Somebody proposed that we should spend a hundred dollars for engraved invitations to our Commencement and closing class exercises. I did not believe so large an expenditure proper or right, considering that most of us were earning the greater portion of our expenses and in debt at that time. The majority voted the other way, but I and two others "stood out," and declined to share in the expense or in the use of the engraved invitations.

I shall sometime add to this chapter a list of the compositions, essays and orations of my student days which can exhibit the subjects which I worked over during these years. I should by all means record some of the sermons and addresses which impressed me in my Oberlin student days. Twice I heard Finney preach with great power, but not his old power, and many times I heard Dr. Morgan, the sweet, loving, leisurely and scholarly old man whom we used to call "St. John." (For one term I lived at his house as a member of his family.) A few sermons by Principal Cross I remember, and others by Professor Mead, who was the [redacted] preacher at the second church. Dry Haydn of Cleveland gave several impressive addresses in Oberlin while I was a student, and I remember the political subjects of Professor Munro, James A. Garfield, Rutherford B. Hayes, both afterwards President, and Senator Sherman. Newman Hall from England preached two

of the greatest sermons I ever heard. One from the text: "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise," and the other from the text: "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." Dr. Taylor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, preached at Oberlin several times and I remember particularly his sermon "How Barabbas was a robber." Professor Morgan's classmate and friend Mark Hopkins, the famous president of Williams College, came to Oberlin twice in my student days and gave lectures on Moral philosophy and the Evidences of Christianity. In fact we used his text book on Christian Evidences in college in my time. He was a sensible and impressive man, and gave me some fundamental ideas which armed me against the criticisms of later days. W. W. Patten also gave a course of lectures on "Christianity and its Challengers," which I drank in eagerly. President Fairchild seldom spoke but when he did it was with the sweet reasonableness which made a touching and blessed impression.

After the graduation from college we held a class exercise in the literary society room in Society Hall, a number of our teachers, including Mrs. Johnson and Professor Ellis and several parents and other friends being present. I remember Professor Ellis's warm word of Godspeed and farewell on that occasion. He told us that he had been out of college twenty years, and he graduated in 1856. Twenty years then seemed to me a very long time. I have now been out of college thirty four years, and I do not yet feel as old as Professor Ellis appeared to me then!

My theological graduation was much less exciting. I had eight classmates in theology, including Reuben A. Beard, who has distinguished himself in Christian work in the West, besides holding an important pastorate in Cambridge, Mass., C. C. Creegan, long Secretary of the American Board and now President of Fargo College, James Eaton, sometime President of Whitman College, My oration on that occasion was a review of the progress of theological thought

in America - the interpretation and development of Calvinism from the predestinarianism of the first Puritans through the benevolence of Edwards, ~~Emmons~~ Emmons and Finney.

Eighth Group of Stories.

Teaching Days at Oberlin.

I have now to write some memorials of the thirteen years during which I was Professor of Greek at Oberlin. The activities and experiences of these years, which took me from the age of twenty five up to thirty eight, may be classified under five heads somewhat in the order of their importance. First, work for the spiritual welfare of the Oberlin students, second, for the general upbuilding of the Institution, third, for my own department of Greek literature, fourth, other public duties, and fifth, personal and family affairs.

I had become deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of the students in Oberlin, and strange circumstances had thrown responsibilities upon me in this direction. The first winter after I graduated from the college I stayed in Oberlin during the winter vacation and taught the winter school. During this interval someone invited me to take charge of the leadership of the young people's prayer-meeting. When the college work was resumed at the opening of the spring term following, Principal Laird, who had been leading the meeting, resigned and left the service of the Institution. Those who had the matter in charge were at a loss to find any leader for this meeting, and so left it with me, and in a few months my success seemed to justify my keeping it as a permanent appointment. The meeting met every Monday night in the Assembly Room of Council Hall. The room held about two hundred and fifty persons and was usually

well filled. Frequently during the winter terms the attendance was so great that we adjourned the meetings to chapel, and would have an attendance of of four, five, and even six hundred. The Y.M.C.A. & Young Women's Christian Association in colleges had not yet been formed, so that this was the chief general religious meeting of the students. Besides this the young men and young women each had prayer meetings of their own on Sunday night, and each college class had a prayer meeting of its own, meeting under the leadership of some college professor some afternoon during the week. But the young people's Monday evening meeting had been a great power in my first year at Oberlin under the leadership of Principal Cross, and it is always spoken of with interest by all the students who attended Oberlin during the years of my leadership. I was leader for fifteen years, lacking one term, beginning in the winter of my first year as a theological student and closing in the spring of '91, when I went abroad. Somehow it was given me to discover the secrets of a successful prayer meeting. We had of course good singing, and I selected the hymns most carefully so as to lead up to the topic of the meeting, and sustain and renew and intensify the impression to the end. I selected subjects which were practical and real to the experiences of the young people, and introduced each topic with a Scrpture passage and a few earnest, stirring and suggestive words of my own. My aim was to impress them with the importance of the topic and pave the way for self expression. I always had a group of strong helpers among the advanced students, and as a rule during the fifty five minutes of the continuance of the meeting as many as fifty persons would take part. Some would simply ask for prayers for themselves or a friend, others would offer prayer or relate some recent experience or discovery in Christian life, most of the thoughts and prayers gathering around the one central topic which I had presented.

At the close I always gave some invitation to help those who desired to begin a Christian life. Sometimes they rose for prayers, sometimes they came forward to speak with me, sometimes they retired into an adjoining room for conversation. During these fifteen years there was never a term in which there were not a number of conversions, and during two years I remember there were conversions at every single meeting of the year. To maintain the interest and practical usefulness of this great meeting was my first study and prayer. Beside this I met the young people in other ways, but this was my great responsibility and charge. Among those whom I remember in that meeting a great army have gone forth to the four corners of the world preaching the Gospel in life and word. Seven of my pupils suffered martyrdom in the Boxer uprising in China and numbers more are now at work in India, Japan, and the Turkish Empire. I have probably helped as many as fifty young men into the ministry and kept half as many out who seemed unfit for the office.× I believe this meeting was the means of teaching many hundreds of young people how to express themselves sincerely and effectively in religious matters, and I trust has contributed to the religious life of hundreds of communities throughout the United States.

Next came my work for the general interests of the Institution. We were in the habit of holding a "Faculty Club" once a month, and in the first year of my professorship I presented a paper before this club setting forth my ideas of the importance of increasing the attendance of students and the ways by which it might be brought to pass. This proved the turning point in the history of the school. The attendance, which had been falling off for ten years, was increased by more than a hundred the following year, and has been growing ever since. One of the means employed was the sending out of Professor White

× And fully as important as this we believe that these meetings increased the courage, principle, and faith of an army of teachers, business men, social leaders and public-spirited citizens throughout the country.

head of the Preparatory Department to visit the high schools, and I volunteered to teach his classes as well as my own while he was gone during the spring term on this errand. Out of this movement grew a regular system of visitation at the high schools on the part of Oberlin and other colleges and an agreement among the colleges as to the terms of admission.

In 1883 occurred the fiftieth anniversary of Oberlin's founding, and I had many responsibilities in connection with this celebration, editing a little paper called "Jubilee Notes", and serving on many committees. For seven years I was secretary of the Faculty, and for four years a member of the Prudential Committee, which advised the treasurer in matters of investments, care of properties, etc. I had a difficult and important part in the organisation of the college library, and in securing the building and endowment from Dr. Spear. Charles Fairchild, Financial Agent, of course took the lead in securing these funds. I was on the committee which brought to pass the introduction of the decimal classification which involved a change of librarian, Rev. Henry Matson, who objected to that classification, being deposed, but remaining my friend. They sent me out during a winter and spring term to raise a fund of twenty five thousand dollars for the library from the alumni and former students. I secured about twenty thousand, and in this work traversed Ohio and the North West, going as far as Minneapolis and DesMoins. It was this spring that I secured the great gift of fifty thousand from R. G. Peters, of Manistee, Mich., for the completion of Peters Hall. I had supplied the church at Manistee in the summer of 1883 and made Mr. Peters' acquaintance, and now went to him with this great proposition and made him see his

opportunity. He had not the money, but he gave the college his notes, and I came back to Oberlin with these notes for 50,000 dollars in my pocket.

Exposure on this winter trip through Michigan brought on my first serious illness - a painful attack of inflammatory rheumatism - which disabled me for two months, but did not, as is often the case, weaken the vital organs, as I discovered by a subsequent examination for a life insurance.

Other work for the Institution in general which I remember was the virtual editing of the catalogue once or twice, considerable work on the revision and enlargement of courses, and efforts for the strengthening of the teaching force. It was chiefly through my efforts that Bosworth and Root were brought into the Faculty, and I was actively concerned in bringing in King, Anderegg, and Leonard.

My mind continually sought out neglected interests. What seemed to be nobody's special business I took for my own. As an example of this there were the general principles that Oberlin college was supposed to stand for. These were held traditionally, and I felt that they needed to be explained and vindicated to each new generation of students. Of course I did much of this personally , but I used to draw out other members of the Faculty. I once got up a great meeting in the first church called by all the churches in the city to protest against the sale of tobacco to young boys. Professor Munro, our "first citizen", was to make an address, and we got out the band. I worked night and day to bring this great meeting to pass. When at last the congregation was gathered, the chairman in his place, the band playing, and Professor Munro ready to make his speech, and the church packed with people, I went home exhausted and went to bed.

In my own department of Greek literature I never accomplished my best, but the classics at Oberlin enjoyed a greater popularity in my time than at any other western school. I always interested my students in the subject matter and made Xenophon's "Memorabilia" an introduction to ethics and philosophy, Homer an introduction to both peotry and sociology, and the

Greek orators and tragedians were studied in the same spirit. I was particularly interested in looking out for beginners in Greek, and prepared my Greek primer with this in mind, teaching preparatory Greek again two years to make certain that I had clearly in mind the difficulties of a learner. The book had a splendid acceptation, and its chief features were immediately embodied in other text books in both England and America. In the very last term of my teaching I had an elective class of seventeen members reading the Odes of Pindar.

When I left Oberlin for Berea I seemed to myself just ready to strike into a new line of success in the teaching of Greek and the editing of Greek text books.

In public duties outside my professorship and my work for Oberlin one naturally thinks first of my service to the cause of temperance and my stormy excursion into the field of politics as a member of the prohibition party. In general Oberlin duties kept me from doing much outside. Scores of magazine articles which were shaped up in my mind failed to be written. I did get to a few meetings of the Ohio State Teachers' Association, and at one of these read a paper on the study of history, which started a movement for making United States history a required subject in teachers' examinations throughout the Union.

In preaching, too, I had some activities outside Oberlin, supplying churches which were temporarily without pastors, or during the summer vacations, and assisting theological students who were caring for smaller churches, and helping them in protracted meetings.

I remember preaching a good deal for the second Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, and the new Congregational Church in Fredericktown, Wakeman and Berea, Ohio, and really had a country pastorate for nearly a year at Ridgeville. This

particular work was very pleasant, and the church showed their appreciation of my efforts in uniting them and preparing them to call a second pastor by bringing me as donation a wagon load of fruit and vegetables. I quite felt as though I was carrying on my father's work for the country people!

My political life was indeed stormy. Of course I was naturally an enthusiastic Republican, and when the war and reconstruction were over strove to have the Republican party take up the matter of temperance legislation. Oberlin had always been very free from the sale of liquor, but an enterprising druggist built up a trade which amounted to a saloon business. Just at that time there had broken out in Ohio what was called the "Women's Crusade." Women went in procession to the places where liquor was sold, begging the saloon keepers to discontinue their business, and when they failed to comply the women camped on the sidewalk in front of their places and implored customers not to go in, singing hymns and carrying on a continuous religious service. Of course these methods called public attention to the evils and cleaned out the liquor sellers in many places. Oberlin people arose and "crusaded," Thad Rowlands' drug store in Oberlin. He was a tough customer and we had a hard time with him. He brought suit against Dr. Brand, the pastor in the first church, and secured a judgment against him for libel, but we finally cleared him out, and I was one who worked night and day in this agitation.

Then came a vote in Ohio upon a constitutional amendment prohibiting the sale of intoxicants throughout the State. When this campaign began I took an active part, writing songs and making speeches, but still more engaging myself in the work of organisation, which nobody else seemed to take up. We carried the State by a

majority of 30,000, but were counted out by the Republican Election Commissioners in Cincinnati and Cleveland. It was in this campaign that I originated the aphorism "All men are latent prohibitionists." By which I meant that the very foreigners and drunkards who opposed us could be brought to take the temperance side. A fine example of this occurred at Ashtabula Harbour, where several hundred Finnish workmen who shovelled coal on the docks had been counted upon to vote for whiskey. The whiskey men were at the trouble and expense of securing naturalisation papers so that the Finns could vote, but we got hold of one Finn who could understand English and explained to him what prohibition meant, and then set him to work among his fellows. The result was that every Finn of them voted for temperance!

But the Republican party depended upon the German and whiskey sellers' vote. I remember attending Republican caucuses and conventions and I always found that when a temperance resolution was proposed the liquor men throughout bolted while the temperance men would be ~~called~~ glad to have the temperance resolution passed, but would stand by the party whether it took up temperance or not. My first movement was to organise the temperance people so that they would threaten to "bolt", that is, to vote against the party if it did not take up the temperance cause, just as the liquor men did. We made a great temperance bolt from the Republican party one autumn, and nearly defeated Governer Foster. Professor Hall in Oberlin and Dr. Josiah Strong were with me in this movement. Still the Republicans did not take up temperance. Then came the Presidential election of 1884. There was no important issue between the Republicans headed by Blain, and the Democrats headed by Grover Cleveland, and both of them refused to take up the temperance cause. John P. St.

John, who had been Republican Governor of Kansas, a prohibition state, was put up as prohibition candidate for President, and a large number of temperance Republicans and Democrats supported him. I joined this movement, and when St. John came to Oberlin I welcomed him and presided at his meeting. It was a great grief to my good Republican friends in Oberlin, and made the baser elements of the party angry. They assembled around my house the night after the election, when it was known that Blain was defeated, and came within a little of actually mobbing me. The next year Dr. Lennard, a Methodist preacher, was nominated on the prohibition ticket, for governor of Ohio, and I for Lieut. Governor, and we made a hot campaign. I drafted the prohibition party platform for that year, fighting it on the one issue of Temperance legislation. I spoke in some forty counties, covering nearly half the state. St. John had received 11,000 votes in Ohio, Leonard and Frost had 28,000. Next year the prohibitionists pushed on the campaign, and I spoke perhaps twenty times, and we increased our vote to 32,000. The movement collapsed because Miss Willard and others insisted upon combining Women's Suffrage with temperance on the platform of the prohibition party. We had a temperance party pure and simple, but when Women's Suffrage was tacked on to it the cause became hopeless, and I gave up the battle.

By this prohibition experience I gained some knowledge of public speaking and practical politics, and it is probable that we compelled the Republicans to make some improvement in the laws, besides instructing the people and greatly improving the tone of public opinion.

And now I come to family affairs. I am writing for my children, and must tell them the

truth about some unhappy circumstances. My own father and mother separated about this time. There had been some incompatibilities from the first, he being a farmer's son with very simple tastes, and she having a good deal of love of what she called "nice things." But she always said that the first ten years of her life were happy. The happiest day of her life, she always said, was the Sunday when I was born. Back in Evans there had begun to be trouble. Father was really tyrannical in some things, though he was always ready to help in the house, and to bear the brunt of all family hardships. But somehow the good understanding between them broke down, and my mother for several years gave way to denunciations of her husband which utterly discouraged him. I used to think that these curtain lectures of hers came on automatically. Whenever she was tired or sick her mind went right back to her husband's faults, and she had a great gift of language in setting them forth in a picturesque and aggravating manner. It was really a kind of insanity. There would be years in which everything went smoothly, but at last father lost all sense of encouragement and approval from his wife, though I have abundant reason to believe that they both loved each other all that time. The first years I lived in Oberlin I acted as peacemaker, and father's last pastorate at Grand Blanc went off very well. Her unhappiness and his were such, however, that he decided to give up preaching and move down to a little farm. She was uncomfoftable on the farm, and came to Oberlin to live with me. My Aunt Lavinia was always a trouble maker, as it seemed to me, in our household. I loved and admired her for her brilliant intellect and literary tastes and for her devotion to useful things instead of the frivolities of dress and fashion, and I believe in the quality of women's

intellect and rights before the law, but I do not believe in women going into politics, and was not proud of my Aunt Lavinia when she came out as the first women lawyer in Wisconsin. She finally persuaded my parents that they had better be divorced and this took place I think the second year of my professorship. Father, I may say, had given me about five hundred dollars for my education, and I had earned seven hundred more. He also gave me the rent of the house in Oberlin while I was a theological student. When I had finished my studies I began to pay him rent on that house, and when he and mother separated he gave the house to her. Two years later he met a lady of good family whom he married and who took care of him with real affection through his declining years. I was able in these trying times to retain the love of both parents, and to serve them both, I believe. It now fell naturally to me to be a special guardian to my mother. She lived very pleasantly in our home until the birth of my first child, Stanley; then my wife wanted a home of her own, and I built the house on North Professor Street. This building was hastened in order that it might be ready for the entertainment of my college classmates at the jubilee reunion in 1883 to which I have referred. I stayed in Oberlin all the previous summer working on this house and preaching every Sunday a hundred miles away at Waseon. We only finished the lower storey of the house, and as it was I was deeply in debt. Mother continued to keep house very happily on West Lorain Street, having two or three student roomers, and really enjoying life.

While we were still living on West Lorain Street Lavinia and David Raney came and boarded with us and attended the preparatory department of Oberlin College; and my younger brother Nelson was there also. My younger brothers suffered more than myself in the break-up of my father's family. I shall never cease to regret that I did not do more for these young people while they were in my household, but my mind was burdened with a thousand other duties, and before I knew it they were gone, and I felt I had done them comparatively little good. In the North Professor St. house my cousin Frank lived with me for a little while and attended school. And we always had student roomers there, some of whom are now distinguished men, like Launcelot Doggett, now President of the Y.M.C.A. training sdhool at Springfield, Mass.

Louise' sister Mimey resided with us and assisted her in household cares for two years, which was a great joy and comfort to us all.

At the end of my first year of professorship we found that Louise was far from well, and she went with a lady friend to consult a physician at Cleveland, who sent her directly to the hospital. So that instead of meeting her at the train that night I got a letter saying she must remain in Cleveland, for several weeks. This was a great surprise to us both, and diminished our pleasures and increased our expenses for a long time. I visited her at the hospital and finally she came home and had the doctor come out to see her from Cleveland once a week. It was three years before she could be counted well, and she was never strong. Some accident or deprivation of her early life must have impaired her constitution.

Stanley was born on the 26th of October 1881 in the house on West Lorain St. It was with an indescribable excitement that I marched down town and bought a baby carriage, which served him also for a cradle. In the house on North Professor St. Wesley was born June 17th 1884, and Norman June 23rd, 1887. So it may be seen that we had children in the house. Briefly speaking, it may be said that Stanley was the greatest curiosity, coming as a novelty. Wesley was the greatest care, being always nervous and wakeful, and Norman was the most loved, having two older children to welcome and care for him.

Louise thought then, and I see now, that I gave too little time to the children and to family life. I saw that they were well taken care of and provided with things needful, and I greatly enjoyed being with them, but felt then that it was a self-indulgence which I must rigidly forego because of public duties. Before the end of my Oberlin teaching Louise declared that I had passed the summit of my strength and vigor, and showed marks of a decline.

I did work furiously, night after night going to bed only when there was a dizziness in my head and a roaring in my ears. My great reliance was sleep, and I had begun while in Oberlin to take a little sleep after the mid-day meal.

The one indulgence which we had was the summer camp at the lake. Professor Churchill was the pioneer to discover that a tent or a cottage on the shore of Lake Erie was a good place to rest in the summer. Even before Stanley was born Louise and I had one or two of these outings. I remember that summer of '81 especially. We joined forces with Mrs. Streeter, whose husband had been one of the graduates of Oberlin early ~~guardians of Berea~~, and I should say a lady of marked character and beauty. Several of her friends and of ours went also and we rented a cottage east of Lorain for four weeks. One member of the group was Rupert Hodge. He had sunk into a paralysis of activity which was very curious. His mind was wonderfully alert, but his ambition and practical ability gone. This made him ideal company for a summer camp. He could converse and give information upon any subject in history, philosophy or literature, and he had nothing to do but promote the comfort of the camp. It was restful to be with him. We bathed, fished, rowed, tossed quoits, played chess, and read to each other. Louise and I slept on the ground out-doors, with fly netting over us so that we should not be wakened too early in the morning. This was perhaps our best camp, but we did the same thing summer after summer. More than once Dr. Husted's family joined us. Once at a camp west of Lorain I was so carefree that I wrote another poem entitled "At the Lake" which I inscribed on the wall of our cottage. Every few years somebody copies that poem and puts it into a newspaper, and it has promoted the summer rest of multitudes!

I supposed that this life was to go on for forty years. Nothing would have surprised me more

than to hear that I could possibly leave Oberlin. In the spring of 1890 one of my dear college friends, Herbert D. Goodenough returned ~~for~~ on furlough from ~~their~~ missionary work in Africa, and we entertained them at our house. When we finally bade them farewell and closed the front door I turned and kissed my wife and said: "Dearest, other people come and go, and with other friends we meet and part. You and I are always together." A few weeks after the in summer vacation I had bought a pony and carriage and one evening we took a drive together with one or two of the children. Turning, we stopped at the grocery store and brought home a few things, among others some dried fish which we had on the supper table. That night I took the two older boys up on the flat part of the roof. We carried a mattress up there, and slept, after a long study of the stars. Something after midnight I had to go down to one of the children and found Louise was sick, a disorder of the stomach which we attributed to the dried fish. The doctor gave little relief, and in a few hours put her under opiates to relieve her from pain. Doctors came from Cleveland, but in less than a week she died. The weather was hot, and to cool the air I hung a carpet over the porch by her window, and turned the water hose on it, so that there was a constant dropping on to it. I had had no conversation with her ~~since~~ the first night. Once we let after her come out from the lifluence of the drugs so that she might tell me the address of her family in Milwaukee, which I had forgotten. She gave a street and number very distinctly, and I sent a telegram, but it was the wrong address, and her mother and sister came, but came too late. When she was able to speak at all it was rather with a wandering of mind, and her last words alluded to the spray at the window - "Sweet falling water."

The next year I hired a housekeeper to take care of the children. I could not be away ~~from~~ on public duties, and concentrated on some lines of special study, earning that year my degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Wooster. I borrowed money and finished off the upper rooms in our house, so that I might have them to rent to students. And the next year, as will be told, I went abroad expecting of course to return to my former duties in Oberlin, but really this was the end of my work there. The trip abroad was, although I did not know it at the time, the beginning of a new chapter in my life.

At the seventy fifth anniversary of Oberlin's founding in 1908 I went back to receive Oberlin's highest honor in the degree of Doctor Laws. It had been eighteen years since I had taught at Oberlin but among the hundreds of graduates who came back my pupils were very prominent. They were not among the old and decrepit, nor among the new and unknown, but they were the men and women in the prime of life, with their responsibilities heavy and their honors thick upon them. The majority of the honorary degrees conferred on that occasion fell to those who had been members of my classes. On the day of the class reunions I took a carriage and rode from one class-meeting to another, greeting my old pupils. As I had been teaching through two years of my seminary course I had actually taught all the classes which graduated from Oberlin, beginning with the class of 1878, and including the class of 1891, who were with me as sophomores. It seemed like one returning almost from the dead to go back and see one's work in a former state of existence.

Ninth Group.

Berea.

My immediate though unconscious preparation for Berea was a year abroad. On the Fourth of July 1891 I was married to Ellen Marsh, and the story of her and her family must be another chapter.

At the previous Christmas time I had taken the two younger boys and visited my father in Jamesville and the Raneys in Milwaukee.

Ellen and I the day after the wedding started for a year's residence in the Old World, taking the three boys - Stanley, who was ten, Wesley, seven, and Norman, four. I can only give an outline of that year. We landed at Rotterdam in Holland, ascending the Rhine to Meintz, where we stayed a Sunday, and then went by way of Frankfurt-on-Main to Goettengen, a university town in Hanover, where we engaged a whoning, or suite of rooms, for a year at No. 6, Rheinhauser Chausse. We were drei trappen hoch, that is, on the third storey of the house, which was opposite the barracks where the garrison was quartered. The owner of the house lived on the ground floor, the middle floor was occupied by the commander of the garrison, and we occupied a part of the third storey, with the right of sitting and having the children play in the yard or garden. We went on a german vessel, and had already taken to learning the German language. Norman was put in the kindergarten, and the other boys in school, where we employed their teachers to give them special instruction in the language the first few weeks. We had engaged a German maid in advance and rented and purchased furnishings, so that we

were speedily quite at home. I began attending lectures in the university, though I was at liberty to make excursions as soon as I had sufficiently mastered the language and felt like doing so. Gottengen is a delightful old Middle Age town surrounded by a wall now turned into a promenade, and it was our daily custom to walk round the city on this wall or to go out and visit some of the ruined castles in the vicinity.

We made some water excursions - one of them to Cassell with the children - and one without them in which we visited the towns connected with Martin Luther, Weimar, Bittenburg, Eisenach, and Eislaben, besides paying a visit to Berlin and Leipzic and Dresden.

In January I made a trip to England to visit schools, seeing Dover, Canterbury, London, Windsor, Oxford, and Cambridge; and visiting Aix la Chapelle - Achen it is now - and Dusseldorf on the way back. After the return from this trip I planned a tour of the Mediterranean countries. I quite intended to take Ellen as far as Rome and let her come back by herself, but after one day's journey to Fulder, where we stopped to see the place distinguished by the residence of St. Boniface, she grew anxious about the little boys at home and went back, leaving me to pursue my journey alone. I joined a party conducted by my friend Todd, and visited Florence, Rome, Naples, and went to Athens via Brindisi, Corfu and Petras, thence to Alexandria and Cairo. There I left Todd's party and went on independently to the Suez Canal, Joppa, and Jerusalem. There I found Professor and Mrs. Bosworth from Oberlin, and made an excursion with them to Ebron. On the return they left me at Bethlehem, where I spent the night in the Franciscan Monastery, walking back to Jerusalem next day, passing Rachel's sepulchre.

~~With other American friends~~ x xxxxx

With other American friends I made an excursion to Jericho and the Dead Sea. I stayed altogether about two weeks around Jerusalem, then returned to Joppa and made my way back to Greece, stopping at

Beirout and Smyrna, whence I made an excursion to Ephesus. My second visit to Greece was longer and better than my first, as I was already acquainted with Athens, and made excursions to Mount Pentellicus, and through the Pelloponnesus, visiting at Eleusis, Corinth, Micene, Tyron, Maupila and Olympia. On my return to Italy Ellen met me in Rome and we went back together through Pisa, Florence, Vienna, Milan, Lucerne and Basle.

The following summer we started home, bringing with us a German maid who had previously lived in London, and kept house there fot two or three weeks and then sailed for home on the Teutonic, never expecting to cross the ocean again.

Some years before I had been invitedto the Presidency of several small colleges, but the one in which I took the most interest was Berea College in Kentucky. I had always known about Berea as an institution which had exhibited great heroism in standing up for anti-slavery principles in a slave state. The original pioneer there was the famous John G. Fee, who had been a friend of my Grandfather Goodell, who once visited him in Kentucky. The first head of the school was an Oberlin graduate, Father Rogers, who was a classmate of Governor Ellis from Oberlin, and after him Berea's President was Henry Fairchild, a brother of James Fairchild who was President at Oberlin. I had frequently met Henry Fairchild and heard him preach when he came to Oberlin to visit his brother. He and Father Fee had not always agreed in all things about the management of Berea but they were agreed in calling me to the Presidency when President Fairchild was ready to retire on account of advancing age. Louise and I made a visit to Berea at that time but I decided that I could not leave Oberlin then and Louise did not have the strength to face so serious an enterprise.

Now once more while I was in Germany I began to to receive letters from Berea. They had not been able to find a President that they could agree upon or that would undertake the work. President Fairchild had died and another man, Dr. Stewart, had been President for two years without achieving any success. Father Rogers in particular wrote letters which touched my heart and led me to consider again the question whether I could go to Berea. Oberlin also had a new President, and in some ways it seemed as though my work there was less important than it had been. The Berea Trustees sent me a message by cable saying they had elected me and depended upon my acceptance. I replied that I could make no decision without seeing them face to face, but that I would visit Berea immediately on my return.

Berea was not able to pay me as large a salary as President as I had been receiving as Professor at Oberlin. The Institution was in a poor and hostile territory, and it had made no gains in students or prosperity for more than a dozen years. Its supporters had diminished in numbers and its management had been divided. On the other hand, however, it had a most heroic history and was located where it might do immense good in reaching people who were in need of education and in breeding right sentiments in regions where the curse of slavery lingered.

I had had several Providential preparations for such an enterprise. My political work and money raising for Oberlin made me somewhat confident of my abilities in these directions. The great interest I had always taken in general educational problems outside my own department of Greek and much which I had recently seen in Germany and England gave me visions of what might be accomplished. Moreover a few years before I had taken a vacation tramp through the mountains of West Virginia with Thurtlenn, Professor Hall and Professor White of Oberlin, and had thus become familiar with the strange

conditions in the southern counties. It was perfectly evident that something had to be done for the educational and moral uplifting of that important region, and I had pictures in my mind of what could be done. Of course also there was my old anti-slavery training, which made me ambitious to prove that Berea which had taken the bold step of admitting colored students just as a Northern or European school would do could be made a real success on that basis. I could not foresee the difficulties altogether but I was given so much faith in the power and purpose of Divine Providence thatI undertook the work.

Of course I shall only give the barest outlines of our experiences in Berea. A careful history must come later. I might say that there hadbeen three periods in Berea's work. First getting started, understanding the conditions, laying plans and making our first friends; the second period was that of expansion beginning with the first Pearsons Endowment in 1899; and the third period was that in which we were contending with the hostile legislation of 1904, which compelled us to make separate provision for our colored students.

The first period of getting started was perhaps the hardest. I was new to the situation and surprised to find so little to build upon. There had never been printed reports by the President, Treasurer and other officers, and it was a long time before I could actually find out the real condition of the Institution, financially and otherwise. They had properties listed at about 100,000 dollars and a nominal endowment of 100,000 more, some 30,000 of which however had been invested in Kansas and was not productive. There was a floating debt of 30,000 dollars, but worse than this was the discouragement of the teachers and the fact that Berea had been forgotten by the general public. And I found at once a hostile element in the working force

which opposed all my efforts and which I was not able to shake off for four years. Contending with these difficulties I soon expended all the surplus energy gathered by my year abroad. Our first year in Berea also was clouded by illness. We rented the old Fairchild house which hadbeen contaminated by previous occupants, so that we all had the typhoid fever that first year, myself first and most severely of all.

During my former residence and my starting to Berea I had kept up a close correspondence with my father, who was deeply interested in all these movements, and gave me some important advice in my first activities in the new work and location. While I was sick with the typhoid fever he sold his Jamesville property at a good price, receiving several hundred dollars in cash, and sent me a present of a hundred dollars. A few weeks afterwards he went to Chicago for a surgical operation, and I was startled by a telegram announcing his death. I was still too weak to venture going to the funeral and it was fully ten years before I found the opportunity to stand at his grave, which is in the cemetery at Racine, Wis. It afterwards appeared that the securities which he had taken in selling his place were not good, so that the little property still left him from his father's gifts and the careful savings of a lifetime just sufficed to carry him to the end of his journey.

My first commencement in 1893 was shadowed by the great financial panic of that year, which would have brought the college to bankruptcy if it had not been for a bequest of 6,000 dollars which fell to us from of Baltimore, the same gentleman who erected the Memorial Library for the relics of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth.

The first and second years I taught a little but soon found that I must be ready at all times to travel here and there for the raising of funds.

The first summer I shall always remember for its beginning of "extension work" in the mountains.

The old workers in Berea were totally discouraged and assured me with great positiveness that no more students could be drawn from the mountains. Of course if this were true Berea would have no excuse for existing, and before I could begin raising money I must make certain that Berea could reach the people it was there to help. Frank Hayes, an old soldier, was the first one to tell me that the Berea workers were mistaken and that the right kind of an invitation would bring students to Berea. He proposed to ride with me through Jackson County, where he was acquainted, and see what could be done. The result was that I started with him on horseback and made two trips of three or four weeks each. I would speak at a little school house at eight o'clock in the morning, and ride on to another school house where I would speak at eleven o'clock, and get lunch at some near by house. By hard riding we could reach a third school house before "school broke" in the afternoon where I would give my third speech and then take supper in some house near by and preach in that same school house at night. The audiences were small, including the teacher, scholars, one or two of the school directors and possibly some parents. Generally some people who had heard me speak in the morning would follow me and be present when I preached at night. The result was that we made many acquaintances and I became closely familiar with the circumstances of mountain life and began to learn how to adapt our invitation and our school work to these solitary and simple people of the hills. The fall term opened with a largely increased attendance, and for years after students kept coming to Berea who told us they had been "waked up" to thoughts of education by this first summer campaign.

At the same time Dr. Barton made a general campaign for students from Ohio as well as from Tenessee and southern states bordering Kentucky. To these southern states he sent out letters ~~letters~~ and circulars through Ohio, but made a personal trip

speaking at teachers' institutions and high schools and sending us a group of about fifty northern students.

The northern students were very essential to Berea's progress just then. For a dozen years before my coming white students had been diminishing so that finally there were very few except colored students in our college boarding hall and dormitories. Such white students as we still had were the children of people living in Berea and mountain students from outside who boarded in private families. These Northern students of course came right into our boarding hall and dormitories andhelped us overcome the prejudice against colored people which naturally exists more or less among the white students. Many Northern students also were earnest and sensible young people who helped us in building up right sentiments throughout the school. One of them was Mr. Matheny, now Dean of the Academy.

It was a great disappointment to find that the old friends of Berea had almost entirely forgotten the Institution and become interested in Hampton Institute and other schools in the South. At my inauguration five hundred invitations were printed which were sent out to donors and supporters of the Institution. After the ceremony was over I found that less than half had been actually sent - that is, the Financial Secretary, Mr. Eugene Fairchild, at that time knew less than two hundred and fifty persons whom he supposed would be interested in the inauguration of a new President at Berea. When I started east with him to call upon Berea's donors and supporters it was a series of disappointments. We went to Cincinnati and after calling on a dozen people to whom he introduced me found only one who had any practical interest in the Institution, and he gave us five dollars. We went on to Cleveland with the same result. Then to Syracuse and Utica, where the number of people to whom he could introduce me was even smaller and the interest less. We then

went to New York where the only people who seemed to care for Berea were some Oberlin graduates whom I had known before. Finally we went to Boston where our best friends were supposed to be, and it was the same story. I there made up my mind that I must create a new constituency depending little upon the old one.

Another disappointment was in Fairchild himself. He had been very active in bringing me to Berea but the moment I got there he poured upon me all manner of discouragements. Again and again we laid plans together for raising money in certain places, but he always failed to carry out his part of the work. I soon found that he was not only doing nothing but hindering my efforts in the field. He discouraged such donors as we made and in Berea he made all the old Faculty feel that I was against them and planning to supersede them by new workers, a thought which had never entered my mind.

I have never been able to explain Eugene Fairchild's conduct. I thought at that time that he probably distrusted my ability and was sorry he had helped bring me to Berea, but his opposition continued and intensified in proportion as I won success. There was only one point of distinct policy in which we seemed to differ, and that was regarding the position of the Institution. As a non-sectarian religious school it had been founded as such, and fostered by the American Missionary Association, which was itself non-sectarian. In the progress of time however the American Missionary Association was deserted by most religious bodies and became Congregational. The question came up whether Berea should follow this Association, and was decided in the negative years before I went there. Fairchild however urgedme to make the college Congregational and thus secure the support of that denomination. Such

Such action did not seem to me right in view of the fact that we should thus cut ourselves off from the right to appeal for help to good people in other Christian bodies. In early days when Berea was beginning to raise funds and people did not know whether it would be a permanent success or not a clause was inserted in its charter stipulating that if the Institution was ever suspended its properties should come to the American Missionary Association. I went to the officers of this Association and told them that I did not intend to allow the Institution to lapse but that I was going to make the utmost endeavors to secure its continuance and growth. If however I found myself unable to do this I would turn it over to them before the properties should be seriously impaired.

It was however an almost single-handed contest which I undertook for the upbuilding of Berea. Its friends and supporters were few, and such as there were were almost all rendered hostile or suspicious by the actions of Eugene Fairchild. At my first Commencement when I was recovering from the typhoid fever I found the Faculty unanimously opposed to everything I desired to bring to pass. When I went into the field I found that all our Congregational supporters had been misled by him so that they were unwilling to render further assistance. When I turned to the graduates and former students who were few and poor anyway I found the same influence had been at work. My only helpers were Dr. Barton and Father Rogers - who was himself deeply affected by Fairchild's misrepresentations, but he had been interestedin my coming, had written to me while I was in Germany, and he gave me an increasing measure of confidence and support.

For some time there were no outward indications to show whether success were possible or not. I was sustained however by an inward faith that Divine Providence had not planted Berea College and carried it thus far to let it droop and die. All through

my illness I felt perfectly certain of recovery, and during those first months when I worked alone realised that every soul in Berea except my wife and Frank Hayes perhaps desired and expected to see it fail, yet still worked with resolution and faith. At last some results of my efforts began ¢ appear and the beginning of a new constituency - people who were enlisted for Berea by my personal efforts and who were largely beyond the reach of Fairchild's corrupting influence - appearing. The first Providential help that came to me was the Baltimore bequest. Next was Frank Hayes' help in the inviting of mountain students. The third was Barton's help in getting students from the North. The fourth was a drunken printer who drifted into Berea and showed us how to use a little printing press which the college owned but which hadnever done any creditable work. This poor printer was little better than a tramp, wandering southward in the autumn and back north in the spring. He had been a man of standing and talent, staying quite happily until some of the neighbours supplied him with liquor when he would become intoxicated and shamefacedly steal away. But as soon as he taught us how to use our printing press I published some little sheets called the "Berea Reporter" giving accounts of Berea which might be interesting to intending donors, and containing a few engravings. I shall never forget my first experience in finding that these publications were making friends for us. It was in Cincinnati an old man who had been interested in anti-slavery and known my Grandfather gave me a list of people in that city who might be interested in Berea. Among them he mentioned Mr. Stearnes whose father had been a great Abolitionist. I sent Stearnes copies of the "Berea Reporter" and the next time I was in the city called to see him. He recognised me instantly, told me he had read the "Berea Reporter", asked a few questions, drew his cheque for fifty dollars, and introduced me to his partner, who gave me a hundred. This was like Noah's dove

returning to the Ark with an olive branch in its beak. It was the sign that the waters of discouragement were abating. If I could make two friends in this way in the city of Cincinnati I could make a thousand friends and carry on the great work of Berea.

Another ~~time~~ way Providence came to my aid. Old Dr. A. D. Mayo came to visit Berea and stayed a week, speaking to our teachers and students and holding many conferences with me. Dr. Mayo had given himself to the work of upbuilding education in the South soon after the war, and had travelled through all the Southern states so that he knew the conditions and needs as well as any living man. It was he who made mw wise in these matters at the beginning, imparting to me in this first visit and in other visits subsequently information which I could not have gathered for myself without a great expenditure of time and strength and money.

I did not realise at the time thestrain under which I was working. I knew that the Berea teachers and citizens were hostile and it probably made me bleed inwardly, but I did not stop to think about it. I knew that the best of our old supporters were withdrawing their help because of slanders from Fairchild which I could not get them to state so that they could be answered, but still there was the increase of students and there was the beginning of a new group of donors and helpers. I was soon able to bring a number of new men on to the Board of Trustees, and after a little there was an enlargement of the teaching force, but it still remained true that I was practically a stranger in Berea and that Fairchild stayed there all the time and had nothing to do but to organise opposition, scatter slanders and poison the minds of those whose business it was to help me.

It was in the midst of these trying times that my daughter Edith was born on the 19th of April 1894. The next year I secured the first pledge from Dr.

Pearsons. I went to Chicago on purpose to see him and he treated me rather roughly, asking many questions and saying that he had no more money to give for several years to come. Being in the city I took time to call on a number of prominent men simply to make their acquaintance and tell them the story of Berea. Then I went back to Boston where I was at work securing small sums for our current expenses. On the way I stopped off one cold winter day to visit my mother at Oberlin and while there wrote an article about Berea for some newspaper. Soon after this visit to Chicago, as I learned subsequently, Dr. Pearsons called half a dozen men into his office to talk over Berea College. The majority of these men he called in council happened to be persons whom I had met in my recent visit, so that I had all unconsciously paved the way for this discussion. Some time afterwards he wrote me that if I would invite Mr. Fifield of Chicago to give our Commencement address he would come with him to visit the Institution. He did so and was entertained atour house. On Commencement Day he made his great speech. "If Berea College will raise 150,000 dollars for additional endowment I will add to it 50,000 more."

This mark of my success in making Berea seem to the public an institution worthy of support was of course to me a great encouragement, but it only seemed to intensify the opposition of Mr. Fairchild. He was still an officer of the Institution anditit was supposed that he would help in raising this money. He virtually promised to do so. The next year together we secured pledges for 30,000 including one pledge for 10,000 secured by Fairchild which was never paid. The next year I saw hat we could never raise the endowment when we were plagued for money for current expenses - daily bread.

I therefore spent this whole year in finding a hundred persons who would pledge a hundred dollars each for current expenses. The next year we got rid of Fairchild as an officer of the Institution though he continued to live in Berea and make trouble, and we secured the services of Dr. Geo. T. Fairchild as vice-President so that I might be more free for excursions for money raising in the field. x

Dr. Geo. T. Fairchild was a younger brother of Henry Fairchild who had been President of Berea, and James Fairchild who was President of Oberlin. Geo. Fairchild had been President of the State Agricultural College in Kansas, but was turned out of that Institution by the rise of the "Populist" party. For a year or two he had been without employment, and was now glad to do something good in educational and religious lines and help out the Institution with which his brother had been identified. He was sixty two years of age, a quiet, sound, faithful and experienced man, and for two years managed the internal affairs of Berea in such fashion as to set me free for field work without undue anxieties for home concerns. He hadnever conspired with his nephew Eugene, but he was not enough of a fighter to prevent Eugene from doing me great damage during these years.

The next year Cleveland was born on the third of April 1896. My continued absence laid many special burdens on my wife. One excruciating case was Cleveland's sickness as a baby, brought on by lack of medical advice and burdens which his mother ought not to have borne. I had appointments to speak at a number of important places in the East, and must leave on a certain day and train. The hour came for me to start and I left him in the midst of a spasm never expecting to see him again alive. The year before my mother, finding herself too infirm for longer independent housekeeping at Oberlin, had come to Berea to live in my house, and the year following, find that the house we occupied was

x Prof. Hunting whom I found at Berea acted most faithfully and helpfully as Vice-President for two years and died suddenly in middle life. Prof. Todd, also one of the Berea force when I began there, succeeded him and proved most able and faithful, but he was already stricken with consumption and died soon after. Dr. Geo. T. Fairchild was therefore our third Vice-President to die in office and seemingly before his time.

hopelessly contaminated with typhoid fever we left it and took rooms in the Ladies' Hall - the western rooms on the third floor, mother occupying the south west chamber on the first floor.

The last resort for crowding through the Pearsons endowment on which everything depended was to have Ellen join me in the field work.

She had already made one excursion the previous year, and it was at that time that I met with my most picturesque adventure - the assault by Montgomery. Ellen had gone to Cleveland to stay with friends and arrange suitable clothing for a trip among the donors while I remained at Berea expecting to join herin a few days. As usual I was dictatingletters in my office until a late hour, when I dismissed my stenographer and stayed a few moments for some closing work of my own. On coming out of Lincoln Hall I encountered at the door Mr. Montgomery, a student who had just been dismissed from school for notoriously improper conduct. He was a married man from some mining town in Tenessee, quite an unusual character among our students. He told me that his wife was broken-hearted at his dismissal and asked me to go to his house near by and give her some words of comfort and encouragement. I started with him on this errand of mercy through the bright moonlight but when we were passing in the shadow of overhanging trees where he sere leaves still hung he struck me in the face with some blunt instrument. I had an umbrella in my hand and was able to put up a little extempore defence and call for help. He got in several blows, but I did not fall. Students rushed out of the "castle" near by, when he ran away saying "I have not killed you, but I havs spoiled your face." I went to the porter's room at the Ladies' Hall where there was light and fire and where Dr. Lewis Davis soon attended me. He was just back from a medical school in Louisville where he had been familiar with the wounds and bruises of prize fighters, and knew just what to do. The wounds were bloody and left scars though no

disfigurement, but the accident made me famous throughout the country for the next few days and delayed my journey to Cleveland for a week or two more.

In Ellen's first field work I used to make out lists of people for her to call upon in cities which it was not convenient for me to visit. She went out with fear and trembling but I never knew till afterwards how much effort it required on her part. It immediately brought her into sympathy with my work which she could never have fully understood without sharing it in this way. We were coming to the end of the year 1899 and must complete the subscription by New Year's Day. She made her headquarters in Boston and I in New York. Friends there helped her with letters of introduction, carriages and railway tickets. In New York I made calls all day, writing letters at the hotel until midnight and then going to bed night after night after taking a drink of soda water at the drug store opposite the Grand Central Station. Christmas Day came when we could make no calls, and I went up to Boston and spent it with her. That was our Sunday of rest and the next day we started in for the last strokes of our campaign. The news came to me that the 10,000 dollar subscription secured three years before by Eugene Fairchild would not be paid, and this of course upset our calculations. I went to a stenographer and dictated twenty five letters to persons who had already subscribed but whose wealth encouraged me to believe they could give more. I confided to them the full situation and asked them to do what they thought best. These last days I was staying at the house of Uncle Cady. And here I should turn aside to describe the way in which he came to be my dearest friend. He was a very distant relative of my mother's whom I had scarcely ever seen. The first time I gave a public

address before a literary club in New York I procured an invitation for him. He was pleased with me and my address and invited me to call at his house. The next year he invited a large company of his friends to a private meeting at his house and had me tell the story of Berea. It was at this gathering that I made the acquaintance of Harvey E. Fisk, Albert Shaw, George Cannon and John E. Parsons. Mr. Cady made me wise in city ways. It was at his advice that we started the "Berea Quarterly". He visited Berea and finally became a Trustee. At this very time he had given us the plans for the President's House and it was in process of erection.

So every morning I opened my mail at his breakfast table and counted up the new pledges and started out on my calls. The last day came, and the last hour, and we added up the pledges and found they were enough. I sent a rejoicing telegram to Ellen and went to bed. The next morning I rose late with a dazed feeling that I had nothing to do. Mr. Cady went down to his office and I lingered in the breakfast room reading the morning paper. A telegram was brought me. It was from Stanley. "Grandma went to sleep quietly last night. She will never waken again."

Ellen and I hastened home and found that it was even so. Grandma had filled out her diary for the year, carefully arranged all her business affairs, Miss Robinson had visited with her in the evening, and the next morning she was dead, with no disarrangement of the clothing to indicate any conscious struggle. She must have died without quite knowing of our success with the Pearsons Endowment and without entering the new President's House, where a room had been specially set apart for her which we still call "Grandma's room."

My three brothers came to the funeral, and it was the first time we had been together since I graduated from college. Our next gathering was at the home of my brother Lewis in Mich in the summer

of 1907.

There was still much to do in calculating the Pearsons Endowment pledges and securing money for current expenses to carry us through that year. At Commencement time the Trustees raised my salary to what it would have been had I continued Professor at Oberlin, and appropriated five hundred dollars to send me to a sanatarium in the summer. I went with Ellen to Clifton Springs where the general condition of overwork was found to be much like that from which I am now suffering. And this may be said to have closed my first period in Berea.

The first period I have called "getting started." The second period was Berea's expansion, including the raising of the second Pearsons Endowment, and the erection of the brick kiln, industrial building, chapel and library, and the inauguration of the water works, as well as the enlargement of the courses of instruction and the attendance of students.

All these things were accomplished by struggle and with some conscious diminution of strength.

Our campaign for the first Pearsons Endowment had of course given us a wide acquaintance, and everything was favorable for going forward except our own strength. Dr. Pearsons came forward with a repetition of his former offer. "If Berea will raise 150,000 for additional endowment I will add 50,000 to it." I hardly see how this second sum was raised and my memories of that year are painful and confused, but we did it by the following Commencement, Ellen and I being absent in the field practically the entire time. We engaged a Mrs. Morton to take care of our children and located them in a part of our own house in Oberlin, so that their mother could see them as she would be going back and

forth between Chicago and New York. Her work in making new friends in Chicago and elsewhere was much more severe than what she had done before in visiting people whose acquaintance I had already made.

This year was marked also by my last struggle with Eugene Fairchild. He still lived in Berea and this year brought accusations against me for slander before the church. I had publicly exposed his treachery, and felt perfectly unconcerned about these charges, and allowed the matter to come before the church committee in my absense, but I had trusted too much to the goodness of human nature. Although I was at that time away with my wife and family struggling for the good of the College, there was not found a single person in Berea to look after my interests. It seemed to me then and it seems still that if a dog had been suspectedof stealing sheep he would have had a fairer trial. I had made four charges against Fairchild, two of them were acknowledged to be true, the third was fairly although not incontrovertibly proved, and the fourth did not seem to be proven at all, though it was true. On these facts the church, passing over his treachery and falsehood, passed censure upon me for having made an unsustained charge. The news overtook us in Boston. We had an engagement in Brooklyn which we fulfilled a few days after and went straight back to Berea. Pleading my own cause I secured a reversion of the church action and they called attention to the fact that Fairchild's conduct as now proven on three counts had been unworthy of a gentleman and a Christian, and the church suspended him until he should acknowledge his fault and make reparation. He is suspended still, and the following year sold his property and left the town. There were still several persons who had been his strong partisans and who continued to work mischief as they had

opportunity but there was no more serious trouble inside of Berea until the time of Dr. Hubbell.

The following summer after the completion of the second Pearsons Endowment Mr. Wilder took note of our depleted strength and gave me the money to pay a few personal debts and spend a summer with my family in Northern Michigan. Here I slept continuously for several weeks, and here Treasurer Osborne and Professor Marsh made me a visit andlaid some plans for College work in coming years.

Without undertaking to trace the details of these years I remember a second visit to Clifton Springs for recuperation, and that in the fall of 1903 I was so far from strong that it seemed necessary that I should be relieved by the appointment of a vice-President. Dr. Geo. T. Fairchild had died in office at the end of his second year. On strong representations from Columbia University we appointed Dr. Geo. A. Hubbell and he came to us at the close of the fall term.

Thus ended the second period of my life in Berea. It had seen great advances in buildings, the development of courses, and the increase of attendance, but through it all I had been consciously staggering, overburdened, and had had but slight opportunity to spend time in Berea itself or superintend the actual work of instruction. A new condition was brought about which ushered in a third period of stress.

Tenth Group.

Berea's Re-adjustment.

In January 1904 a Bill was introduced in the State legislature of Kentucky prohibiting any school public or private from instructing both white and colored pupils, called from its author, a dissipated representative from Breathitt County the "Day Bill."

Such action had been threatened before. Five years previously a similar law had been passed in Florida, and three years previously in Tenessee. Two years before such a law had been talked of in Kentucky, but we had exerted such influence in the legislature as to prevent its introduction. This time it came up with concerted support. A representative from Madison County named White, an ambitious, vain and selfish man whose wife owned a plantation in Alabama, believed he could gain popularity by advocating this measure. Mr. Porter, Dr. Lewis Davis, and James Early of Berea conceived the idea that exclusion of colored students would raise the price of real estate in our village and make the town grow so that they could make money by depriving the colored people of their educational privileges, and they claimed to have the backing of Josiah Burdett, one of our Trustees. Charles Hanson, son of another Trustee, also supported

the measure, and though he had small influence in Berea his influence counted because of his name in the State legislature.

Our students and the Berea workers behaved admirably in the matter, standing firmly for Berea's principles. I went to Frankfort, the State capital, to see what could be done, and was I remember so far from well at the time that Ellen accompanied me there. Some of the best men in the legislature came to me at once and disclosed the situation. A large number of members of the legislature found it necessary to spend a good deal of money in securing their elections. Many of the voters were more or less indifferent and would not come out on election day unless they received some present of whiskey or money. But if these poor ignorant men could be excited on the negro question it would take less whiskey and money to bring them out to vote. It was therefore for the interest of these members of the legislature to do something which would gratify the prejudices of their ignorant constituents against the negro. These better members of the legislature said to me plainly:- "We do not desire the passage of this law but we dare not vote against it. If we should do so it would be brought up against us with our ignorant supporters whenever we have occasion to run for office again, but we will if possible prevent the matter from coming to a vote."

There was another very subtle influence at work in Frankfort against us. It had long been one of Eugene Fairchild's charges against me that I desired the removal of our colored students. He had no word or action of mine against the colored students to allege, but I had been actively at work

increasing the attendance of students from the mountains, and on this he based his accusation. Two or three colored men were regularly employed by him to spread this suspicion among the colored people and among our donors in the North, and this thought that very likely President Frost himself would be glad to have the law passed naturally worked against us in the State legislature. Everybody could see that the exclusion of the colored students would lift a burden from Berea. Few Kentuckians could realise that any person could out of Christian principle and feeling really desire to benefit the colored people. There was Mr. Alfred Titus, a colored man from Berea, actively at work in Frankfort telling people that President Frost really desired to have this law passed.

The State legislature found itself unable to pass a projected law limiting the negro in his right to vote, because the liquor element opposed this, believing that the negroes generally would vote for liquor in our Local Option contests. They felt that they must do something against the negro to please the rabble, and the only thing left was to pass the Day Bill which went through on one of the last days of the session and was readily signed by Beckham, who held the office of Governor through the usual fraudulent election.

The question of what Berea College should do in this emergency was a very perplexing one, and several quite diverse opinions began to arise among our friends and supporters. My own view, which finally prevailed though at first there was not a single Trustee who stood with me, I wish to set down

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there were considerable sums coming to Berea from wills which had been drawn during the time when the colored students were with us, and in which they might claim a share. These two things approximately balanced one another.

The only funds which could be legally traced as belonging to the colored people were two, the Avory fund of about 11,000 dollars left by Rev. Mr. Avory of Pittsburg to certain Trustees "for the benefit of the freed men." The Trustees appropriated this 11,000 dollars to Berea. Besides this the Dyke and Hammond fund, 30,000 dollars, had been given with a legal proviso that certain beneficiary scholarships, half to white and half to colored students should be given out of the income for twenty five years. Twenty five years had expired, but it was a very possible inference that the donors had assumed that half the benefit of the fund was to accrue to the colored race for ever.

Our Trustees first of all arranged that the colored students should have their railroad fare paid, and be assisted according to their needs in attending other schools which were open to them so that no colored student should be cut off from an education. Later we adopted young colored people who had never been at Berea but who were selected by our colored graduates, to whom we extended like privileges. Besides this we repaired the colored school house in Berea, employed two superior teachers, and lengthened its terms. In this way Berea continued to assist a large group of colored students during the entire interval between the exclusion of the colored students from Berea and the opening of Lincoln Institute.

The scheme for Lincoln Institute grew up

here as a matter of record. My guiding principle was honesty in the use of Trust Funds. Berea's properties have been given to us as trustees and we were bound to use them in accordance with the will of the donors. The will of the donors had not been expressed in definite deeds of gift, but we might know very well what their intent was by remembering what representations had been made to them on our part at the time the gifts were made. It seemed to me that during President Fairchild's administration when fully half the students were colored, and the exigencies of reconstruction times were pressing, the funds given to Berea College had been given with equal interest in the white and colored races. I therefore favored giving to the colored people an equivalent of one half the properties and endowments which Berea possessed at the close of Fairchild's administration. This amounted to 100,000 dollars on that count.

During my own administration I have always said Berea means to take care of the two races in proportion to their numbers in the State. This I have made clear in thousands of letters and addresses. It therefore seemed plain to me that the colored people were entitled to one seventh of the additional properties which had been accumulated in my own time. This gave them 100,000 dollars more.

Of course these calculations were not minute, but we can only expect to reach large and approximate results. At the time I began work in Berea the Institution was deeply in debt, and a share of this indebtedness might have been deducted from the portion given to the colored people, but on the other hand, at the time the Day law was passed

there were considerable sums coming to Berea from wills which had been drawn during the time when the colored students were with us, and in which they might claim a share. These two things approximately balanced one another.

The only funds which could be legally traced as belonging to the colored people were two, the Avory fund of about 11,000 dollars left by Rev. Mr. Avory of Pittsburg to certain Trustees "for the benefit of the freed men." The Trustees appropriated this 11,000 dollars to Berea. Besides this the Dyke and Hammond fund, 30,000 dollars, had been given with a legal proviso that certain beneficiary scholarships, half to white and half to colored students should be given out of the income for twenty five years. Twenty five years had expired, but it was a very possible inference that the donors had assumed that half the benefit of the fund was to accrue to the colored race for ever.

Our Trustees first of all arranged that the colored students should have their railroad fare paid, and be assisted according to their needs in attending other schools which were open to them so that no colored student should be cut off from an education. Later we adopted young colored people who had never been at Berea but who were selected by our colored graduates, to whom we extended like privileges. Besides this we repaired the colored school house in Berea, employed two superior teachers, and lengthened its terms. In this way Berea continued to assist a large group of colored students during the entire interval between the exclusion of the colored students from Berea and the opening of Lincoln Institute.

The scheme for Lincoln Institute grew up

gradually. At first there was some thought of bringing the colored students back to Berea, and it took us a long time to get a decision from the Supreme Court which settled the matter that the Day law was constitutional. The Court decided that corporations existing under a state have none of the inalienable rights which individuals have, and consequentlythe Kentucky legislature was within its just powers in passing this law, at least that part of it which applied to corporations.

We investigated all the colored schools of Kentucky to see whether we might turn over our funds to any of these, but found none which could give us confidence enough for this. It was therefore decided finally that we must bring to pass the founding of a new institution, and I set out to raise an "Adjustment Fund" of 400,000 dollars, half of which was to replace in the treasury at Berea the 200,000 which we were giving to the colored people, and the other half to be added to the 200,000 given to the colored people so that they should have 400,000 in all. We were greatly disappointed that the General Education Board declined to help us in this crises. Many of our friends and trustees believed I had undertaken an impossible task. It was in the raising of this money that we broke up our home and lived for a time in Yonkers and at the Bible Training School in New York. The great day came while Ellen and I were living at this Training School. After many negotiations I came home to tell her that Mr. Carnegie had promised 200,000 dollars for our fund. That was certainly one of the greatest experiences of our lives. It meant the vindication of our plans for managing Berea's adjustment. There had

been many other Providential events helping us on, beginning with 5,000 dollars pledged by Mrs. Belknap of Louisville, and including 25,000 dollars from Mrs. Pickering of Boston; 5,000 from Mrs. Mather of Cleveland; 5,000 from Mrs. Fiske of Boston, and 10,000 from Mr. Newton of Toledo.

I took great pains in securing good announcements of Dr. Pearsons' pledge, writing out careful notices which I sent by mail to Chicago and other distant cities and often visiting the important newspaper offices in New York.Mrs. Russell Sage, seeing these notices in the paper, instructed her attorney to subscribe 25,000 dollars in her name for the fund.

At the following Commencement we lacked about 100,000 dollars, and I received a letter that day from Dr. Canfield who had delivered our Commencement address the year before, saying that a friend of his would give 50,000 dollars provided we could raise the last 50,000 in Kentucky. This Kentucky fund therefore was the great project of last year, and it was in this work that my final breakdown occurred. We began by sending out Dr. Bond to work among the colored people of Kentucky. Then I began among the white people, securing the support of the "Courier Journal" in Louisville and other leading influences, but the money itself came very hard and was only completed on the 21st of June after Commencement.

In connection with this money raising in Kentucky was the work of forming a Board of Trustees for the Lincoln Institute, and securing a site. Once we had made our selection and secured options on a good domain, when a storm of protest from the people of the neighbourhood compelled us to change

our plans and cancel Mr. Roosevelt's engagement to help in the dedication of the site on the occasion of Lincoln's birthday in April 1909. The legislature of this past winter has passed another law intended to cripple the Lincoln Institute, so that this conflict is still in progress.

Parallel with this six years' struggle for Berea's adjustment has been the work of securing money for its current expenses month by month. These expenses far and above our home income from students, rents, and endowments are about 1,000 dollars a week.

It has been through this period also that the chapel and library were finished, the water works installed, and the Bruce Building, Boone Tavern, and half a hospital erected. The necessity for a new power and heat plant sent me East last summer (1909) to secure funds for this object, when it finally appeared that I had not the strength to go further.

But all these affairs have been only the money part of my responsibilities. The educational and religious work of the school is always of course the great thing for which all these others are only the means and support. I had been able to keep the great outlines of Berea's administration true to the purposes of the founders and our highest aims, but in countless important details the work had not met my ideals through lack of supervision. It was therefore with great hopes that I looked to the new Vice-President, Dr. Hubbell, who came to us just as this hostile legislation began. I now know that before coming to Berea he made the acquaintance of Eugene Fairchild and came to us with the distinct purpose of watching for my breakdown and succeeding me in the Presidency of Berea. While I was absent in this strenuous campaign for the

Adjustment Fund and current expenses he settled downto win the hearts of the Berea workers by flattery and indulgence. He had special opportunities during my protracted illness of the winter of 1904-5, so that when I got up from my sick bed at Commencement time in 1905 he had all the Berea workers except the Prudential Committee in a state of hostility to the President. I was able however to survive that Commencement and carry on my work in a fashion through the next year. Before the next Commencement such proofs of his immorality outside of his disloyalty to me appeared that we were able to get rid of him, though the evil influence he left behind him continued for some time.

And now we come back to family affairs of this Adjustment period from the passage of the Day low to the present time. At the end of the first year, that is in the summer of 1904, Mrs. Strong of Newport in Connecticut by the suggestion of Miss Dodds sentm me 450 dollars with the request that I spend the summer in rest abroad. This brings me to some of our family concerns.

The year following my mother's death we moved into the President's house. Stanley spent a year in Oberlin, then graduated at Berea in 1902, and went into journalism in New York City, finally establishing himself with the "Tribune" and in 1904 marrying Catherine Fairchild and making a home in Brooklyn. Some time before 1904 the Trustees employed Miss Merrow as matron of the President's house so that Ellen might have more time to help me in work for the Institution. This summer Wesley and Norman worked at the World's Fair in St. Louis. Edith and Cleveland went with Miss Merrow to her home in Maine, and Ellen and I sailed from New York for Liverpool, going direct to Scotland, and spending most of the summer there. I was completely exhausted and slept most of the time; visited Mr. Carnegie at Skibo Castle, and after a week in London came home. The benefit of this trip was speedily cancelled by a severe illness, a second attack of inflammatory rheumatism which came upon me late in the fall and lasted all the winter. I was able to dictate correspondence and keep up the funds for current expenses. By the time I [illegible]

year and was then dismissed, his friends in the Faculty loading him with compliments and condolences until certain matters of absolute immorality were proven against him.

At the end of his freshman year Wesley went to Oberlin where he graduated in 1907, going to Washington first as secretary to Congressman Burton and then as a Government stenographer in the Navy and other departments. The summer of 1906 I spent partly at a sanatarium in Mount Clemens, Michigan, then spoke at some Chautauqua gatherings in Illinois, and visited my old home at Jamesville. From there I stopped at Woodstock, Ill., for a visit with Dr. andMrs. Rogers at the Todd school, where I was entertained by their son-in-law, Professor Noble Hill.

In the summer of 1906 Mr. Wilder invited us to spend some weeks with the whole family as his guests in Boston. He procured a position for Norman at a boys' camp on the coast of Maine, and he went there immediately after Commencement. The rest of us accompanied him as far as Albany, N.Y., visiting Riga on the way, and also Niagara Falls, where we were accompanied by D. B. Wells, at that time a financial agent at Oberlin in Buffalo. From Albany the rest of us went to Connecticut for a visit with the Thomas cousins there, and then to Wood's Hole where we spent a fortnight with Miss Sarah B. Fay who had visited us the previous year, and who has done so much for Berea's forest reserve. Here again I slept most of the time. We had a delightful stay later with Mr. Wilder in Boston and I went from there to his summer home in New Hampshire, where we had the opportunity of visiting Dartmouth College. Ellen returned to Boston, but I took a detour through

Maine to visit Norman at his seaside camp and to arrange for his going the following year to Bates College at Louistown, Maine. He stayed there two years and then took his senior year at Oberlin, graduating in 1909.

In the summer of 1907 my brothers and I had a family reunion at Standish, Mich., where Lewis lives. This was a brief and precious visit, and as Nelson soon after moved to the Pacific coast it seems doubtful when we can all be together again. We were there over Sunday and I preachedfor my brother, but with great feebleness and weakness. Ellen left Standish for a direct trip to Boston where I received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Harvard University. Degrees were given at the same time to James Brice, the British Ambassador, Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton, and the Duke of Abruzzi. Norman was there; Ellen returned to the children at Yonkers and Norman got employment in New York for the summer. I returned to Berea for the greater part of the summer, getting in my final rest in ten days at the end of the summer. when I met Ellen at Chautauqua. We read together, and again I had a chance to do a good deal of sleeping. It was then that she conceived the idea of getting a Chautauqua cottage for the benefit of the Berea workers, and the purchase was made that fall. In the summer of 1908 I attended the seventy fifth anniversary of the founding of Oberlin as already related, meeting my old pupils, and receiving Oberlin's honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

From there we went to Chautauqua where we remained several weeks and had a houseful of Berea workers. The conditions for food and rest did not prove favorable for myself however, and I began the year with very little accumulation of strength.

In the summer of 1909 as already related I started East to raise money for the power and heat plant. I was detained in Berea some time after Commencement in revising the catalogue and other executive duties. I stopped a week in Chautauqua where Norman joined us for a few days from his engagement for the summer as a sailor on Lake Erie. From Chautauqua I went to Boston and spent a Sunday with Mr. Wilder, being already affected with a severe cold and toothache. My first speaking appointment was at Poland Springs, where I had a little rest and felt better. I then went to Bar Harbour and arranged for a meeting at which I spoke in the Congregational Church, and called on Mr. John S. Kennedy and others, arranged for a meeting later at North East Harbour. I then went to Newport and arranged for a meeting there, returning to meet my engagement in North East Harbour, then back to Newport by way of New York. My next visit was at Woodstock, Ill., with Mrs. Frederick Billings, where I spent a Sunday and was quite prostrated by a cold. She was so concerned that she had her family doctor examine me and prescribe medicine. I then went to New York, where I consulted Dr. Harris who counselled a week or two of rest in the Adirondacks. I had still two engagements to fulfil, the one at Newport and another at Norfolk, Conn., From there I went to Lake Placid in the Adirondacks where our Professor H. M. Clarke was working to make friends for Berea. The second or third day of my stay there I was surprised by the arrival of My Wilder who from that time took charge of my case. I stayed about a month, having my secretary come to me from Berea, thence I made my way to Boston, stopping for Sunday at Sherburne, in New York, as guest

of Dr. Gorton, and Monday night at Westfield, Mass., as the guest of Dr. Greenough. In Boston I was the guest of Mrs. Putnam, sister of the new President of Harvard College, during the inauguration days, and soon after Ellen joined me and we went back to New York where a special meeting of the Trustees was called which voted me leave of absence. We immediately returned to Berea for final arrangements and came back to sail from New York on the 10th of November. Our last night was spent at the home of Uncle Cady, and Mr. and Mrs. Cady and Mr. Wilder all came to the boat to see us off.

This hasty sketch has omitted many things which I should grieve to have forgotten. I may be able to write more fully at some later time. I should mention here that about 1894 the Rev. Henry M. Penniman came into the service of the Institution principally to assist me in raising money. He was at once attacked by the Fairchild faction but remained loyal to me and to the Institution, and has been through all these trials a faithful friend and helper. For perhaps three years Miss Virginia Dox worked for Berea in making friends through the State of Connecticut, but was obliged to retire by reason of ill health. She visited Berea once or twice, and did some work for which we must be for ever grateful. C. Rexford Raymond was an Oberlin graduate whose early home was in Evans, N.Y., and he came into our service for some years to assist me in raising money and to superintend the extension work, but finally was induced to leave Berea and take a regular pastorate. The records of other Berea helpers will be found in the register of the officers and students of the Institution.

No one can go over such a review of a life's experiences without bringing himself to judgment.

It is easy in retrospect to see how much I have to be thankful for in the parents, relatives, teachers and friends who have co-operated in giving me a good start and in encouraging me through all these years. And I have much to regret that my own efforts have been unwisely expended in many cases. If I could have had faith to work a little less furiously I might have accomplished just as much in the main lines of effort, and have done and enjoyed a thousand beautiful things by the way which have been sacrificed. It is quite a surprise to me in this retrospect to discover how large a part of my life has been lived under physical disabilities. Even in the last years at Oberlin I now remember there were times when I felt that I must not make an important decision or go through a significant interview because of my physical condition. Increasingly this has been so, until I almost took it as a matter of course. When weary and fagged I could still dictate letters and carry on routine business with which I was familiar, but if I wished to prepare an important address or decide upon any new course of action I must give myself a few days' special rest in preparation. This habit tended to make me reticent. And I seem to remember hundreds of occasions when I wished to express myself to relatives or colleagues and yet held back, feeling that I could not say what I wished to say, and had better be silent.

This working in a perpetual emergency has been wasteful in other ways. I have failed to garner up my best thoughts or use some of my most important inspirations and insights. Multitudes of magazine articles have shaped themselves up in my brain and then melted away unwritten. And many

of my best public efforts have produced their immediate effect upon the present audience, but failed to be committed to writing so as to have a more lasting influence. This sense of not having expressed myself or put on record in worthy form many of my deepest convictions and most important inspirations has been a growing affliction. My own children and my nearest colleagues have hardly had a chance to understand me in many of these matters.

The printed memorials of my activities are indeed scanty. There are the three poems that belong to my Beloit days, "Thanksgiving," "October," and "Farewell to the Old Home." Of Oberlin all that could be found are the poem "At the Lake" and one sonnet entitled "In Absence," inscribed to my wife Louise, one sonnet to Professor Ellis on his sixtieth birthday, and one to Ballantyne on his accession to the Presidency, my address at the opening of the Spear library, my oration on Abraham Lincoln, and the Greek Primer. (My thesis for the Doctorate of Philosophy was on the fault of Oedipus.) Many productions really more important than these like my paper to the Faculty on the necessity of an advance movement, and my address to the Ohio teachers on The Importance of American History perished with their delivery.

In Berea days my literary efforts have been dissipated in editing the "Quarterly" and composing private letters. The one finished piece which I have produced in all the Berea years was the article in the "Atlantic Monthly" entitled "Our Contemporary Ancestors." My Address at President King's inaugural might however be mentioned, though the more important address at the celebration of the Communion on the seventy fifth anniversayy of Oberlin's founding has perished. Two poems only

mark the Berea life - a sonnet to Ellen entitled "I Love a Soul" and the dedicatory hymn for the new chapel.

The final thought in completing this imperfect review is that it certainly covers by far the greater portion of a lifetime. There may never be much more to record. At the utmost there might be two further chapters. One of them would be "Last Efforts for Berea" which I should like to see filled with a record of educational spiritual work together with a fuller experience than has ever yet been enjoyed of friendship and family life. And I have sometimes imagined the possibility of a later chapter than that. Should I survive my seventieth year I shall certainly lay down public responsibilities, and if I could then find myself with the strength necessary I would like to become an itinerant preacher, wandering with Ellen back and forth in the emigrant ships, or traversing the prairies, but especially preaching in the mountains to those who are as "sheep without a shepherd."

Appendix A.

Religion in England in the Time of Edmund Frost.

The strained conditions which led to the settlement of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England are pretty well known. We have seen in the first of these stories that Edmund Frost went to the New World with a company of Pilgrim Fathers very much like those of the Mayflower, fifteen years later. I have recently met with some facts regarding the condition of England in these times, and particularly in a part of England from which the ancestors of the Frost and Marsh families originally came, which seem worthy of a place among these stories.

First as to the general conditions. There is a History of the Early Puritans by J. B. Marsden, M.A., an Episcopal clergyman who has taken great pains to be fair to all parties. As a clergyman of the English Church he naturally feels the force of all considerations which can be urged against the Puritans, but he is constrained to regret the action of the English Church in excluding and persecuting them.

The Protestant Reformation in England took a peculiar turn on account of the character and actions of Henry the Eighth. Henry lived and died a Catholic, and bequeathed to his successors the title of Defender of the Faith which he had earned by a book from his own hand written

against Martin Luther. But for selfish reasons Henry quarrelled with the Pope and confiscated a great deal of Church property, some of which he used for himself and the rest he distributed among his nobles. It thus came to pass that a large number of English noblemen who were by no means Protestant in religion were opposed to the Catholic Church because they feared that it would claim again the lands thus confiscated.

Henry's successor Edward was only a boy, but he sincerely favored the Protestant religion, and was surrounded by councillors, some of whom from selfish motives and others from religious conviction, carried forward the Reformation.

Then came Bloody Mary who for five years restored Catholicism and put to death the leaders of the Protestant party, beginning with the preacher John Rogers.

And then came Elizabeth, whose great motive was national patriotism. She saw that the English people could not be driven back to the Catholic Church. On the other hand she did not wish them to go to extremes with Protestantism. It was at the beginning of her reign that the Puritan party appeared. Marsden says:-(page 3)

"Under this name were very soon comprised all those, however differing amongst themselves, who sought for further change and discipline in the English Church. The name itself confers no disgrace, though worn with impatience and then resented as a grievous wrong. It was applied in scorn, but age and use have made it venerable. No clear account of the origin of this now famous title has been handed down. It seems to imply that if the in the forms

professions of those to whom it was first given were high, their lives at least were consistent and their morals pure. It became the title of a party which for upwards of a century exercised in England an influence, whether for good or evil, such as no other party civil or religious has obtained at any period of our history, and this influence though weakened still survives. Of this we have at least one painful and conclusive proof. Men still approach the history of the Puritans on both sides with violence and prejudice; and it is only a living principle that can call up these strong passions.

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Amongst the Puritans were found, together with a crowd of our greatest divines and a multitude of learned men, many of our most profound lawyers, some of our most able statesmen and our most renowned soldiers, and (strangely out of place as they may seem) not a few of our greatest orators and poets. Smith and Owen, Baxter and Howe were their ministers, and preached amongst them. Cecil revered and defended them while he lived; so did the illustrious Bacon; and the unfortunate Essex sought his consolations from them when he came to die. They were the men whom Cromwell dreaded and deceived; (this shows Marsden's misjudgment of Cromwell); and amongst whom Hampden fought and perished. Milton owed allegiance to their principles. They boasted, not without reason, that the first college in either university, founded by a Protestant, was the magnificent donation of their own Sir Walter Mildmay at Cambridge dedicated, not to legendary saints or superstitious ~~fans~~ but to the divine Emanuel; and built, not for the promotion of a stupid superstition, but in the pious hope that the ~~xxxx~~

Gospel of the Son of God might never want an advocate while its foundations should endure."

Until the Civil War Puritans continued members of the Church of England. As Marsden says:-

"They were anxious for improvement, sometimes fretful for change, but they revered the great principle of an established church and did not entertain a thought of separating from its communion."

The Protestant Reformation on the Continent originated among the common people and the inferior church and clergy, and took a democratic form. They became Presbyterian in their government, and simple even to excess in their modes of worship, though they did not regard Episcopal church government as necessarily unlawful. In England however the influence of the King and the nobles made for the stronger Episcopal form of government and for retaining as much as possible of the ritual of the Catholics. The martyr bishop Hooper spent some years on the Continent, and returning to England in the time of Edward the Sixth was appointed Bishop of Gloucester. "But," says Marsden, "his conscience was embarrassed and in his person a contest began which has never since been still. He demurred first to the oath of consecration, and secondly to the robes in which the episcopal investiture usually took place; and he wrote to the King an earnest request that he might be allowed either to decline the bishopric or to be admitted to it without the usual oath and ceremonial. The obnoxious passage in the oath 'By God and by the saints' was altered by the King's own hand. But the greater difficulty remained. He refused to be consecrated in the dress which had been worn by the bishops of the Church of Rome, and which he regarded as a badge of anti-Christ."

His consecration was deferred; and when he continued to preach against the use of investments he was imprisoned. Peter ~~the~~ Martyr and Bucer were Protestants from the Continent and then Professors of Divinity at Oxford and Cambridge. At the King's request they wrote to Hooper. They considered the investments objectionable and wished they were abandoned, but still considered that it was not sinful to use them, and that in deference to the King's law Hooper ought to conform. To this advice he yielded so far as to be consecrated in the vestments and to preach in them before the King a single time. Four years after he was burned by Bloody Mary. Wihh him was burned Ridley who had really persecuted him for his reluctance about the vestments. When they both came to be burned Ridley said:- "We have been two in white. Lst us be one in red."

In Elizabeth's time more than fifty English Doctors of Divinity who had fled to the Continent during the time of Bloody Mary returned, and naturally brought much sentiment opposed to the Catholic formularies and vestments of the English Church. Elizabeth aimed at keeping together in the English Church the great bulk of the English people. She therefore retained the vestments and as many Popish ceremonies as possible, in order to please the Catholic part of her subjects, but abolished the mass and the grosser superstitions out of deference to the Protestant party, and then proceeded to compel extreme Catholics and extreme Protestants to conform or suffer. Sincere Protestants were put in a most trying position. To induce them to conform it was argued that the Popish vestments and ceremonial which was retained in the English Church need not necessarily mislead any who would carefully listen to the

doctrinal teaching, and by these arguments a large number of the better Protestants were led to conform. Several bishops, notably those of London and Winchester, solemnly protested that it would be their preference that these vestments and ceremonies should be done away with. "We are brought into such straits," said they, "that since we cannot do what we would (abolish Catholic rites and vestments altogether) shall we not do in the Lord what we can?"

The people who separated entirely from the English Church were Dissenters. Those who continued in the Church but disliked its Catholic practices and later its looseness of morals were the Puritans.

Elizabeth's act requiring uniformity was passed in June 1559, and very soon some of the most famous and saintly of the Protestants like Miles Coverdale, who had been a translator of the Scriptures and ~~the~~ Bishop of Exeter under Edward the Sixth and escaped Bloody Mary by flight, and the venerable John Foxe, author of the "Book of Martyrs," were called to suffer. A few years later the ~~High~~ Court of High Commission was set up to enforce this uniformity, a Commission generally held to be illegal, and which suspended juries and the ordinary laws of evidence. It proved a kind of Inquisition, which brought disgrace upon the reign of Elizabeth and upon the English Church.

Elizabeth appointed Whitgift as Archbishop in 1583. Marsden says:-

"He was a man of great learning and of undoubted zeal, but his government was harsh and his spirit intolerant; and his principles led him to enforce uniformity by measures the most severe. Aimiable, it is said, in private life, he used a

power that was almost absolute with a severity that was nothing short of despotism."

James succeeded Elizabeth in 1602. "The sceptre passed from the wisest of women to the most ridiculous of men." A millenary petition from a thousand Puritan divines was presented to him for some relief from the biting statutes of Elizabeth. This was an honest effort on the part of the more Protestant and more pious ~~part~~ of the Church to secure such reforms as would make it possible for them conscientiously to conform and work in the church of England. They desired that Catholic terms like "priest" and "absolution" should be omitted from the prayer book, that none but pious and able men should be admitted to the ministry; that no clergyman should receive income from more than the one or two parishes which he could actually serve. On the whole these petitions are now regarded as natural and reasonable, and if even a part of them had been granted the Church would have been improved and saved from division. The King called a conference at Hampton Court, where the bishops sat on one side of the king and four Puritan ministers as advocates of the petition on the other. The conference proved a mere form. Scant hearing and no courtesy was given to the petitioners, and the King himself abused them in shameful language, concluding with the assertion 'I will make them conform or I will harry them out of the land or else do worse.' The prelatical party gloried in having thus captured the new King and showed that they were inclined to make no compromises. The Ardhbishop of Canterbury at the conclusion of the King's abusive speech said 'That undoubtedly his Majesty spake by the special assistance of God's spirit.' And the Bishop of

London on his knees protested that 'his heart melted within him as he doubted not did the hearts of the whole company with joy, and made haste to acknowledge to Almighty God His singular mercy in giving such a King as since Christ's time the like, he thought, had not been seen.' Such a King and such bishops were the ones against whom the Puritans and Dissenters had to contend in the years before the Civil War.

The older men who knew the beginnings of Protestantism in England had now passed off the stage, and the truly religious men who were made bishops by Elizabeth, and who in their own hearts thought more of practical Christianity than of vestments and ceremonies were also passing away. Elizabeth appointed able men, though perhaps too ambitious men, as bishops. James appointed flatterers of himself, and the piety of the English Church steadily declined during his reign and that of his successor, Charles the 1st. It is universally admitted that by the time of Charles the 1st the English Church, so far as its clergy and leading spirits were concerned, was practically without vital piety. Its declined began ~~again~~ under Elizabeth, and at that time the Puritans themselves were less fervent than at an earlier period. Marsden, whose conscientious desire for fairness certainly commands our admiration, says:-

"Of the relative piety of the Puritans and the Prelatic party it is, however, by no means easy to form a just opinion. Pure and spiritual religion is seldom to be accurately measured by any visible criterion; for while the signs of its absense are always painfully decisive those of its presence are not to be implicitly relied on. The zeal of the Puritans was repressed; the fervour of the High Church party had visibly begun to wane. But intermediate between the two there was no doubt a large body, well affected to theChurch and having little in common with either extreme, but who cherished the principles of the Reformation and the Bible and maintained a consistent life of piety. The fervour of the Puritans was not unmixed with the alloy of a

party spirit and sometimes of a rancorous hatred; nor must it be forgotten that a zeal about religious matters is not necessarily a zeal for God. The most generous of the opposite party, Cecil himself for instance, charged them with a narrow bigotry and a factious temper; and the suggestion is not uncharitable, that a weaker sect, struggling for power against a well-established rival, must profess, even if it do not feel, a more fervent zeal, and a more lofty piety than its adversaries; and to suppose the Puritans free from this, perhaps unconscious, insincerity, is to suppose that they were free from the common infirmities of man.

Such abatements must be made. But after all, the preponderance of real piety lay, we suspect, at the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, amongst those who were roughly classed as Puritans. So much constancy in suffering, a zeal as fervent, domestic habits by the confession of their bitterest enemies so pure and blameless, religious duties piously discharged in the face of scorn and the instant dread of punishment, can in justice be regarded only as the marks of a piety sincere and deeply seated. The gold was not free from dross; their infirmities, though fewer than their enemies asserted, were greater than they themselves were willing to allow. But their errors lay chiefly with the judgement. The heart was right upon the whole; and hitherto, when most factious, they still believed - after an earnest scrutiny of the Scriptures, which, though often misapplied and misunderstood, were received as their sole guide - that they ought to obey God rather than man; a justification of no value, it is true, when used to the oppression and injury of others, but of unspeakable importance when used to justify the conduct, or to sustain the fainting spirits, of him who suffers for conscience sake.

The prospect, on the whole, was gloomy to those who loved the church, and clung to its institutions in the spirit of the reformation. Much of its "first love" had passed away, and pomp and splendour vainly strove to fill up the void. The courage of the

reformers too had disappeared. No honest Latimer, mingling reverence to his sovereign with boldness in the cause of God, no Jewel, meek but firm and faithful, now preached to thronging audiences, or rebuked the sins of royalty in the presence of the queen. The spirit of this world had crept in, and quenched the zeal of those whose principles and doctrines were, however, as yet untainted. The piety of the church of England received a shock in the affair of Grindal from which it had not recovered. Social meetings for prayer and praise, and for conference among the clergy, are almost inseparable from a vigorous piety and an effective ministry; and these had been discouraged. They were chiefly to be met with in the chambers of the puritans. In short, the tendency was already visible, if to fanaticism on the one hand, to a dead formality on the other; while on both sides the catholic spirit of their forefathers had almost disappeared. Tenacity in imposing and in resisting trifles had in time produced its fruit; trifles were looked upon as the very essence of true religion. To comply with a harmless form was regarded as fearful sin amongst the rigid puritans; to pray extempore and expound the scriptures in private houses was a transgression of equal magnitude in the sight of high prelatic churchmen. In such a state of things it was impossible that the power of true piety in men's hearts should not fade and wither, though it was probable enough their clamorous zeal would soon break out into shriller cries, and put on the appearance of a sterner resolution. And this in fact occurred. Moderation was scouted on both sides, and the most violent counsels were those alone which now began to obtain a hearing."

All this regarding the general state of affairs between the dissenters and puritans on the one hand and the High Church party on the other can show us the conditions under which those families in England were living who began to emigrate to America in search of religious liberty in the times of King James and Charles the 1st. It will be interesting

to add some specific facts illustrating this general condition gathered from the History of Suffolk, where the Frost family originated, and from the adjoining county of Essex, where the Marsh family originated, both taken from recent histories of those counties, written by an episcopal clergyman.

~~There are some instructive glimpses of religion before the reformation. We have records of "visitations," or inspections of the churches which record the church furnishings.~~

"The recusants of Suffolk continued to have hard times during the reigns of the first two Stuarts. The execution of Ambrose Rookwood belongs more to political than to religious history. During the comparatively mild episcopates of the four bishops who held the East Anglian diocese from 1603-32 'sectaries' multiplied, and many irregular clergy were ordained, whose only title was the chaplaincy of an often nominal employer. Such clergy escaped all episcopal jurisdiction, and as 'lecturers' propagated views that were quite out of harmony with the doctrines of the church of England.

In May 1632 Bishop Corbett was translated from Oxford to Norwich. The next year Laud, the uncompromising opponent of Puritanism, became primate. In Dr. Corbett he found considerable support. The lecturers at Bury St. Edmunds were silenced. The bishop in his answer to Laud's enquiries congratulated himself that he had made 'two wandering preachers run out of his diocese;' nevertheless, he added, 'lecturers abound in Suffolk, and many set up by private gentlemen even without so much as the knowledge of the ordinary.'

Bishop Corbett died in July 1635, and was succeeded by Dr. Matthew Wren, a distinguished Cambridge scholar, who held this see for three years until his translation to Ely. He at once held a visitation of his diocese, following the exact lines laid down by his primate, and so sternly opposing the sectaries that many fled over the seas.

In the year that Wren left this diocese, the Archdeacon of Suffolk, who was evidently in accord

offenders were excommunicated, and in cases of incontinence penance in a white sheet in the parish church was the usual result.

One of the best and most able of the puritan divines of East Anglia was Samuel Ward, a native of Haverhill. He was for many years 'town preacher' at Ipswich by appointment of the corporation, who paid him a salary of £180 a year. He was licensed by Bishop Jegon (1603-18) as a preacher throughout his diocese; but in Bishop Wren's time he was convicted of various acts of nonconformity, suspended, enjoined a public recantation, and on his refusal lodged in prison. When in jail he wrote a 'preface' to a volume of his sermons, wherein he bravely and with some humour described his imprisonment as 'a little leisure occasioned against my will.' He died in 1640, just at the beginning of the grievous ferment in church and state."

~~The Investigation of Catholic miracles is interesting.~~

There are some instructive glimpses of religion before the reformation. We have records of "Visitations" or inspections of the churches which record the church furnishings.

The censers were generally of brass or latten and sometimes of tin; at Thorpe the ship or boat to hold the unlighted incense was of wood. Silver censers at this date were of very rare occurrence. A vessel for charcoal in the winter is named at Navestock; this was probably only a ball of metal for warming the celebrant's hands, which was placed on the altar in very cold weather. The osculatorium or pax occurs in every church; though afterwards usually of metal, and frequently silver, at this date in the Essex churches it was of wood and painted. A comb (for the priest's hair) is several times named, usually of ivory, as at Belchamp, but sometimes of wood, as at Tillingham.

A highly interesting detail of altar furniture occurs in several of these thirteenth century inventories, namely, the muscatorium or flabellum, which was the fan used by the deacon for driving away the flies from the chalice or celebrant during

mass in hot weather. Its use speaks of the eastern origin of Christianity. At Navestock it is described as formed of peacocks feathers.

Two of the Essex churches, Heybridge and Kirkby, possessed a pair of organs.

With regard to clerical apparel, every church had of course its vestments - a comphrehensive term that included chasuble, amice, stole and maniple, and sometimes albe. The cope too is generally named, and there are surplices everywhere. The vestments and copes, though not so rich as at a later date, were of singular abundance and variety. Even the impoverished little church of West Lee had three full sets of vestments - the one for Sundays was of buckram with apparels of green samite. The best vestment at Barling, which comes next to West Lee in the inventories, had apparels of silk, whilst its other vestment was most elaborate, though in a worn condition.

Cloths and towels for various purposes occur in great abundance. The Lenten veil varied much in appearance; in one Essex church it was of white linen with black crosses, which seems more appropriate than that of another county which which was of striped white and blue linen cloth with roses.

The parishioners were bound to furnish and keep in repair the following service books for the use of each church:- 'Legenda, antiphonare, gradale, psalterium, troparium, ordinale, missale, manuale.'"

The investigation of Catholic miracles is interesting.

"An instance that occurred early in the fourteenth century shows that the church was then active in enquiring into alleged miracles. The rector of Ashingdon possessed in his church an image of such miraculous virtue, especially in the case of barren women, that crowds crawled daily up the hill on their knees, and so enriched him by their offerings that the neighbouring clergy complained of a falling off in their receipts. The diocesan Bishop Baldock (1304-1313) thereupon to save the people from being cheated in their devotions, commissioned the

official of the archdeacon of Essex and the vicar of Prittlewell to visit the church of Ashingdon and to make most searching enquiries into the alleged miracles among the clergy and laity of credit, strictly inhibiting under pain of excommunication and interdict any man from circumventing the people by any false inventions or leading them to any new worship until such time as the worship might be approved by their superior on sound information. In the meantime all offerings that might have been made before the image were to be sequestered. Unfortunately the register did not record the finding of the commissioners."

Wycliff's doctrine was suppressed.

"In 1402 John Becket of Pattiswick suffered for his Wycliffite views, and in 1430 John Bagley, vicar of Manuden, a strong Wycliffite, was convicted of heresy, degraded from the priesthood, and burnt.

The visitation record of 1458 which tells of the progress of Dean William Say, accompanied by Richard Ewen, one of the canons residentiary, throws much light on the condition of Essex church life of that period. The visitation began on 12 July and continued till 6 August, and was subsequently resumed.Two Essex churches appear in this record, which are not named in the thirteenth century visitation, namely, Halstead in the north of the county, and Brightlingsea on the coast. The scribe or sectary in this case set down the judicial side of the visitation, as well as the inventories of the church and the condition of the fabric. At Thorpe the jurors presented three cases in which probate of wills had not been taken out. In the same parish various parishioners were presented for incontinency and slander. At Walton the Dean enjoined as penance on Roger Page that he should walk in front of the procession, carrying a candle, on two successive Sundays. A like discipline was ordered for Alice Steven on three Sundays in her tunic; for Joan Steven her daughter, in her shift for two Sundays; and for Julia Moore, also in her shift, for three Sundays. A case of disputed matrimonial contract or betrothal was gone into at great length at Navestock with numerous witnesses. It would nowadays be termed

Under Bloody Mary Essex was foremost in suffering.

"Essex had a large share in the sad and cruel persecutions of Mary's reign. On 28th Feb. 1553-4, Bonner instructed all his clergy to notify his parishioners that all who did not go to confession and sacrament by 6 April were liable to prosecution. Thomas Hawkes, a gentleman of Coggeshall, was one of the first laymen against whom proceedings were taken; he had been in the service of the Earl of Oxford at the court of Edward VI. He was imprisoned in London, and examined by Bonner in the early summer of 1554 and again in September. Eventually, in company with others, he was sentenced to death on 9 February, 1554-5, and soon afterwards taken back to Coggeshall and there burnt at the stake. One of Hawkes' fellow prisoners from Essex was Samuel Bagnett, rector of Fordham, but he recanted and continued in his living until his death in 1558. William Pigott, a barbar; Stephen Knight, a butcher; and John Lawrence, an ex-friar; all Essex men, were condemned at the same time as Hawkes. Pigott was burnt at Braintree, Knight at Maldon, and Lawrence at Colchester. About the same time two other victims of good birth were burnt, the one at Horndon-on-the-Hill, the other at Rayleigh.

On 23 March, 1554-5, six other persons were sent up to London from the county on charges of heresy; among these were Robert Drakes, the deprived rector of Thundersley, and William Tyms, the deprived vicar of Hockley; the others were laymen from Bocking. The latter were imprisoned at Marchalsea, and the two clergymen in the King's Bench. Eventually they were all burnt at Smithfield on 23 April 1556. In the course of Mary's reign there were other burnings at Colchester, Manningtree, Harwich, Rockford, Ardleigh, Saffron Walden, and Stratford. In no other part of all England were the horrors of the Marian persecution brought so home to the people at large as in the county of Essex.

But in spite of spies and the risk of imprisonment and death the four parishes in "The Sokens" were reported in June 1555 to be still using the English

service, and the parish was ordered to punish the offenders and to send chaplains to preach there. The influence of the Low Countries spoken of above is further seen in the spread of the doctrines of the Family of Love, chiefly by Christopher Vitels, a disciple of the founder, who came from Delft to Colchester in 1555.

The religious annals of Essex prove the pre-eminence of that county in determined and earnest Protestant nonconformity. Even the zeal of Northamptonshire in this direction pales before that displayed in Essex.

Shortly after the accession of Elizabeth orders were made for the release of all prisoners for conscience sake, with the result that eight confined in in Colchester Castle for heresy were set free. But action was taken against others who defied the proclamation of 27 December, 1558, by preaching without license. Puritans of the names of Pullen, Dodman, and Pike were apprehended under this proclamation, as well as the Papists such as John Morren, a London parson who held the livings of Wickham Bishops and Copford in this county, John Cregyll, vicar of Barking both of whom were sent to the Fleet, and Peter Walker, rector of St. Leonard's, Colchester, was set in the pillory there for 'false sedytious tales'; he afterwards conformed and became archdeacon of Stafford and Derby."

Under James a "visitation" was made which showed the inefficiency of the episcopal clergy. Earl's Colne is the place where Edmund Frost heard the dissenting 'lecturer' Shipherd, and the condition of the episcopal church there is thus recorded.

"Of Earl's Colne and White Colne it is entered that Mr. Addam was vicar of both. 'He seldom preacheth, then unproffitablie and for the most parte the labors of other men, he begineth ofte tymes to say service as he is goinge to his seate, he readeth the psalmes and chapters unreverendlie with his hat on his head, gapinge and yauninge as if he were half a sleepe.' The charges here made against 'scandalous ministers' are for the most part sadly definite,

and occasionally curious. Of one incumbent it is reported that he was 'a common stealer of deare with grayhounds'; of another that 'he shooteth dailie with a peece at wilde fowle'; of a third that he was 'an usual fowler on the sabeth daies'; that he 'hathe erected upp a common bowlinge place which cost him 50 li', and of many others that they were great or common gamesters or common hunters. Secular occupations were urged against several; one was reported to be a grasier, another a 'usuall seller of boots in markets,' and a third 'a common horsleeche and cowleeche.'

Sins of drunkenness and incontinency are frequently alleged. One of the worst statements may be cited as a sample:-

'The parson there is an unproffitable preacher, a notorious swearer, a haunter of lewde compaine, full of filthie behaviour, a quareller, he brake open the cheste of the poores evydence defeatinge the poore of their rents, he beats his wief an ancient woman oute of doares in shamfull and cruell sorte, hir haire aboute hir eares being all in goare bludd, withe much other lewde behaviour.'

It must, however, be remembered that these reports were evidently drawn up by persons of strong Puritan convictions, and therefore probably err considerably on the side of exaggeration. Against several it is alleged that they were former Popish priests, and against some that they preached 'Popishe doctrine' or 'Popisne stuff.' To preach from texts out of the Apocrypha was sufficient to cause an incumbent to be placed in the scandalous list, and it was actually entered against a preacher that he had said in one of his sermons:-

'Those that are so precyse that they will eat no
Christmas pyes,
Yt were good the crowes should pick out their eyes.'

The charges made in this 'Viewe' also lose some weight as the names and parishes of all the scandalous ministers are left blank.

In 1611 the 'Authorised Version' of the bible, in the issue of which the churchmen of Essex had some

considerable share, made its appearance. Among those employed in its preparation were John Overall, Dean of St. Paul's and vicar of Epping; Edward Lively, rector of Purleigh; Roger Andrews, brother of Lancelot Andrews, vicar of Chigwell, 1605-6; John Spencer, sometime vicar of Ardleigh; and Roger Fenton, vicar of Chigwell, 1606-15. In the same year a native of Essex, one Bartholomew Legate, was burnt to death at Smithfield. He denied the divinity of Christ, holding strong Unitarian principles. During the time of his imprisonment he was brought several times before the king, who personally attempted his conversion, as well as before John King, who had succeeded Abbot as Bishop of London. Finally he was delivered up by the bishop to the secular power as a contumacious and obdurate heretic, and was burnt under the king's privy seal on 11 March 1611-12.

About 1619 the vicar of Dovercourt, Thomas Drakes, a wellknown scholar and author, put forth an appeal to the Nonconformists which made some little stir and excited replies; it was entitled 'Ten Counter-Demands'. The last demand enquired: 'Whether it were in the Separatists' best course to return again to God's true Church and people, from whom upon some conceited hard dealing they have made an unlawful rent . . . . or if they will not take this course, whether it were not good for them . . . . . to remove to Virginia and make a plantation there, in hope to convert infidels to Christianity?'

The very next year this suggestion of the Essex vicar was realised, and the Mayflower crossed the ocean. Possibly the minister of Dovercourt was among the first to suggest the idea to the 'Pilgrim Fathers'."

The rally of Puritans about the time of Edmund Frost's emigration is thus recorded:-

The Essex elections to the Parliament of 1628 were significant of the temper of the people and of the coming triumph of the Puritans. Their leaders were already making their mark, and it is important to remember that these were not only university men, but almost exclusively ordained clergy of the church of England. Most of them were from Cambridge, which

enjoyed the privilege of licensing special preachers, and a thorn in the flesh of some of the bishops.

By the side of the parochial clergy there had grown up a body of 'lecturers', who supplied the preaching power dear to the heart of the Puritans, and were elected by 'feoffees' appointed for the purpose. In Essex this system is actually still in force at Dedham, a parish notable for its 'lecturers' in the 17th century, and even earlier. Dr. Edmund Chapman, lecturer from about 1577, was with Parker, the vicar, a leader in the 'classis' spoken of on p. 39 above. He died in 1602, and after him John Rogers, 'roaring Rogers of Dedham,' one of the most 'awakening preachers of the age,' made Dedham pulpit famous for over thirty years, though suspended for his nonconformity from 1629 to 1631. At his death in 1636 Mathew Newcomen obtained the lectureship and became the leader of the church reform party in the county. With his brother-in-law, Calamy of Rochford, and with Steven Marshall of Finchingfield, he was one of the five authors of the then famous Smectymnuus, in 1641. Ejected in 1662 he became pastor of the English Church at Leyden. The Dedham lecture, delivered on Sunday afternoon and Tuesday morning, (market day), was supported by voluntary gifts, but these falling off with the decay of trade, William Burkitt, of Puritan origin, who was appointed vicar in 1692, exerted himself to raise an endowment. Newcomen's house with some land and the impropriate tithes were purchased just after his death in 1704 and vested in feoffees, the income, which amounted in Morant's day to £100 a year, securing the perpetuation of this interesting survival.

Another important lectureship was that of the borough of Colchester, dating from 1576 at latest and held by eminent divines from Cambridge. Bought at first by subscriptions it was afterwards made a charge on the town revenues, rising from £40 to £100. To the authorities such lecturers were obnoxious, not only because popularly elected, but also because, if they merely preached, their conformity to the Prayer Book service could not be tested.

At Wethersfield there was a lectureship held by Richard Rogers from about 1577 to 1618. This Interesting Puritan, of whom it was said by Bishop Kennet 'that England hardly ever brought forth a man who walked more closely with God,' was repeatedly suspended for nonconformity though supported by the Puritan Lord Knollys. Of his sons, Daniel, the eldest, who was born at Wethersfield, was a Cambridge Puritan, who succeeded to his father's lectureship after its tenure by Steven Marshall, and drew up in 1649, for thePresbyterian party, 'The Essex Watchmen's Watchword' against toleration of the sectaries. His younger brother, Ezekiel, also a Cambridge man, was chaplain to an Essex knight, Sir Francis Barrington, and afterwards emigrating to New England in 1636, became pastor of Rowley, Mass.

In 1628 Laud became Bishop of London, and his great weight and influence were naturally felt, more especially in Essex as an important part of his own diocese. He was accused of encouraging and promoting innovations in the accessories of divine worship; but the real innovatorsin Essex and elsewhere were the Puritans, who had introduced foreign and Calvinistic forms quite at variance with the teachings and rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer. Whatever may have been the faults of Laud's methods, his directions were within the plain precepts of the Established Church. Laud had much difficulty with the lecturers in this part of his diocese, and had to suspend both Rogers of Dedham and Rogers of Withersfield in 1629. The case of Thomas Hooker, lecturer, of Chelmsford, made much stir in the county, and may serve as an example; it affords evidence of the distracted condition of affairs amongst beneficed ministers of the same church. Hooker, who was a Fellow of Emmanuel, Cambridge, became lecturer in 1626, and his preaching soon exercised a great influence on the ministers of Essex. On 10 November, 1629, Laud received a petition from forty nine 'conformable' ministers of the county, who described themselves as 'all beneficed men and obedient to His Majesty's ecclesiastical laws,' begging him not to silence or remove Thomas Hooker, and pledging themselves that he was orthodox, honest, and peacable. But on 17 November another petition reached the bishop signed by forty one 'beneficed men' of the same district, to the contrary effect, praying that Laud would

take speedy steps to secure general uniformity, as 'most men were adoing what seemeth good in their eyesand few regarding the authority of the church or their own duty

It is not a little curious to note that several of the ministers appear as signing both petitions; the probable explanation is that some who signed the petition of 10 November did not wish any harm to come to Hooker as an individual, but yet were themselves genuine conformists. Laud naturally followed the wish of the second petition, and summoned Hooker, who was on bail, to appear before him. But Hooker forfeited his bail and escaped to Holland. Subsequently, with some of his Essex friends, he fled to New England, escaping with difficulty from Laud's cluthhes. They settled on what is now Cambridge, and eventually he became minister at Hartford, and an active leader in Massachusetts.

Hooker had a school at Little Baddow, where his assistant was an Essex man, John Eliot, educated at Cambridge. Eliot sailed for New England with the wife and children of Governor Winthrop, and settled at Roxburg. Another Essex minister who had fled to America was Thomas Shepard, also a Fellow of Emmanuel, who had been a lecturer at Earl's Colne till inhibited by Laud in 1639 and who reached New England in 1635. He and Eliot devoted themselves to missionary work among the Indians. Their appeal to the English Parliament, supported by two Essex Puritans, Steven Marshall and Edmund Calamy, led to the establishment of the 'Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England' in 1649, the parent of the present Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

Among the Puritan preachers driven at this time to America were John Wilson, of whom Shepard said 'Methinks I hear an Apostle when I hear this man.' He had labored in the Newport neighbourhood, and led the Sudbury men to New England, where they founded the church at Charleston. Another was John Norton, chaplain to Sir William Masham at High Laver, who became pastor of the church of Ipswich, New England, removing thence to Boston. Norton was joined at Ipswich by Nathaniel Rogers, a son of John Rogers of Dedham, and curate of Bocking, whom Mather described as 'one of the greatest men that ever set foot on

American soil.' Of Exekiel Rogers mention has been made above, but something must be said of Giles Firmin, as one of the closest links between Essex and New England. An Emmanuel man who had sat under 'roaring Rogers' at Dedham, he went with his father to America in 1632, was ordained deacon at Boston, and married the daughter of the pastor of Ipswich church. He returned to England in 1647, and became vicar of Shalford, where he was ordained presbyter by Steven Marshall and others. Ejected in 1662 he retired to Ridgwell and practised medicine. An Essex man among the 'Pilgrim Fathers' John Bridge of Braintree, has been commemorated by a statue at Cambridge, Mass. The influence of the county, through its emigrants, on the new colonies was very considerable, as several of their place-names attest.

After Laud's elevation to the primacy in 1633 further efforts were made to secure conformity. An order was made in council, on 3 November, 1633, that the position of the holy table was to be left to the judgment of the ordinary; and on 31 March, 1633-34, the Archbishop was authorised to hold a visitation of the whole province of Canterbury. Meanwhile that vehement Puritan, John Bastwick, a Colchester physician and a native of the county, who had studied at Emmanuel, had been arrested by order of the High Commission Court, and having been long imprisoned and had his ears cut off eventually in the pillory, became a popular hero.

The railing in of the altar, to preserve it from the common profanation, formed one of the particular features of the Laudian visitation. This was a cause of disturbance in various parishes. At St. Botolph's, Colchester, James Wheeler, churchwarden, refused to rail in the altar at the command of the official of Dr. King, archdeacon of Colchester. Thereupon Wheeler, after being twice excommunicated and still refusing, was cast into prison, where he remained for three years. On his escape, the mayor, without warrant, had Wheeler's house searched, and his wife and children committed to prison for three days, whence they were not released without payment of heavy fees.

When Parliament once again assembled, Wheeler's widow (he had died across the seas) petitioned for redress, and the Lords Committee assigned her £300 as a recompense, 'in regard, there is no law to warrant or compel the railing in of the Communion table.'

During the reign of Charles the 1st ecclesiastical courts were for the most part in full operation down to the eve of the outbreak of the Civil War. This was certainly the case in Essex. Presentments for moral offences, such as incontinency, slander, blasphemy, and drunkenness, were of continuous occurrence down to 1641. The Puritan legislation of the commonwealth against swearing, drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking, and such like offences, is usually represented by historians as a novelty; but the only novelty about it was in the weapon used for their suppression. On the abolition of episcopal government, the punishment for such offences was transferred from the ecclesiastical judge to the civil magistrate.